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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Stanzas.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

She had a brow of light, and hair
As setting sunbeams was her hair,
Wavy, and changing in its hue,
And eyes of Heaven's sereenest blue;
Her heart had "ebb, and wave, and flow,"
And pearls were in its depths below.

And she was mine—and with her love
All things around, below, above,
Were clothed with joy and loveliness,
And I was rich in happiness!
Nay, marvel not—to her 'twas given
To make this earthly home a heaven!

No happiness is unalloyed—
"All that is made must be destroyed;"
The beautiful are first to die,
And leave the wretched here to sigh!
'Tis thus that my beloved sleep,
And I am left alone to weep!

Our Historical Gallery.

Sketches of the Presidents.

FIFTH—JAMES MONROE.

JAMES MONROE, the fifth president of the United States, and who for a full half century served his country in nearly all her high political offices, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the 28th of April, 1758. His education was acquired at William and Mary's college, from which institution he was graduated in 1776. On leaving college he commenced the study of law. The sounds of war and battle, however, did not allow him to proceed. Fired with a desire to do something for his country in its deep hour of need, he enlisted as a cadet in a corps then being organized by general Mercer. He was speedily honored with a lieutenant's commission, and marched forthwith to the headquarters of the American army.

This was a dark period of the revolution. We had lost no less than seven battles; the resources of the country seemed to be almost exhausted; discontent filled the ranks of our army; and despair was fast closing its dark folds around the hearts of our bravest patriots. But with all these gloomy prospects of ruin, defeat, and disgrace, our brave-hearted lieutenant quailed never a moment, and met the foe at Harlem Heights and White Plains, and shared the perils and fatigues of the distressing retreat of Washington through New Jersey in 1776. He crossed the Delaware with Washington, and with him made a successful attack on the Hessian camp at Trenton, on the morning of the 26th of December, 1776.

This first successful issue of battle to the American cause inspired new hope among its almost dispirited friends, and awakened a doubt in the minds of British officers and statesmen of their supremacy in the land they had usurped and defiled with the best blood of its sons. This successful blow was soon followed by the victory our soldiers gained at the battle of Princeton; and courage and hope were once more infused into the spirits of our soldiers and all classes of society. In the battle of Trenton young Monroe received a musket ball in the shoulder, notwithstanding which he "fought out the fight" gallantly and valiantly.

Being promoted to a captaincy, Monroe was invited by lord Stirling to act as one of his aids, with the title of major. In this capacity he saw much hard service; and for the two following campaigns was engaged in almost every conflict with the enemy. At Brandywine he took an active share, and rendered conspicuous service in the bloody fight at Germantown. At the battle of Monmouth, also, he was engaged, and displayed great gallantry and cool daring.

Dissatisfied with the inferior situation of an aid, he aspired to a separate command. Having sought and obtained permission of the commander in-chief to raise a regiment in his native state, he left the army and went to Virginia for this purpose. But he found the state finances utterly exhausted, and private resources in such a low condition that he could do nothing, and was compelled to abandon the enterprise. Filled with chagrin at his disappointment, he entered the office of Jefferson, and resumed the studies which the alarms of war had interrupted.

In 1780, Mr. Jefferson, being governor of Virginia, sent major Monroe on a special commission to the southern army, to ascertain its condition; a duty which he performed to the entire satisfaction of that eminent man. On his return he was elected to the legislature, and the year following was made one of the governor's council.

In 1783, being only twenty-four years of age, Mr. Monroe was elected to a seat in the continental congress. After three years' service in that body he became once more a member of the Virginia legislature. In 1788, he was a member of the convention called to decide on the adoption of the new constitution, and voted in the minority against the adoption. In 1790, he was elected to the United States senate; and in 1794, he was sent envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Versailles. After settling the cession of Louisiana to the United States, he went to England to succeed Mr. King as minister to the court of St. James.—The affair of the frigate Chesapeake placing him in an uncomfortable situation, he returned to the United States, and, in 1810, was elected to the Virginia legislature. He was soon after chosen governor of that state, in which office he remained until Mr. Madison called him to assume the duties of secretary of state in his cabinet. The war of 1812 found him in this office. In 1817, he was elected president of the United States. He was reelected in 1821 with great unanimity. His administration was a prosperous and quiet one.

In coaction with Jefferson and Madison he founded the university of Virginia; and when the convention was formed for the revision of the constitution of his state, he was called to preside over its action. Not long after this he went to reside with a beloved daughter in New York city, where he lived until the anniversary of independence in 1831, when, amidst the pealing joy and congratulations of that proud day, he passed quietly and in glory away.

A short time before his death, congress appropriated considerable sums of money to defray the debts under which he had for some time suffered, partly in consequence of advances made by him for the public account. He was uniformly a supporter of the policy and measures of Mr. Jefferson.

During the last summer, the state of Virginia transferred the remains of Mr. Monroe, neglected for so many years, to Richmond, where they were reentered with great military and civic honors.

Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser and the charge preferred against him.

The General and the Emperor.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Everybody knows that it was Barras who induced Josephine de Beauharnais to become the wife of General Bonaparte; and it is equally patent that she was only persuaded to do so by the stringent representations which he made to her of her comparative poverty, and the duty that she owed to her fatherless children. That wounded vanity tended in no slight degree to render her averse to receiving a husband at the hands of the man who had so recently professed himself her slave, there can be no doubt; but in all affairs of the heart

JAMES MONROE.

Barras had constantly been eminently practical. He therefore attempted no display of sentiment when she reproached him with what she designated as his perfidy; and, with the ready tears for which she was celebrated, recalled to his mind the happy months of their residence at the Chateau des Eguillades where, basking beneath a southern sun, in the midst of a magnificent landscape, and overlooking the sun-flashing waves of the blue Mediterranean, they had forgotten all save each other.

Those months were past and gone; that dream was over; and if the fair widow loved to recall it, the awakening of the statesman had delivered him altogether from the thrall; and thus it chanced that Barras, having given his heart for the time being into the keeping of Madame Tallien, was anxious to dispose of the hand of Madame de Beauharnais on the first favorable opportunity which might present itself; nor had he long to wait.

Some months before the return of Josephine from the neighborhood of Marseilles, and her establishment in Paris, Gen. Bonaparte—after the affair of Ollioules where he was a simple lieutenant of artillery—had been promoted to the rank of captain (in which grade he served at the siege of Toulon,) and subsequently invested with the command of the army in Holland; but had received a counter order from Barras, with the appointment of Lieutenant-Commandant of the garrison of Paris; his courage, military skill, and strategy before the walls of Toulon having deeply impressed the latter, who felt that the moment had arrived in which the firm and unscrupulous ambition of such a man as Bonaparte was essential to the success of his own projects.

The manner in which the young adventurer served the interests of the Convention on the 5th of October, 1795, sufficed to convince Barras that he had been right in his conclusions. The Corsican exile had no "compunctious visitings of conscience" where he saw a prospect of furthering his own fortunes; and even as he had done at Ollioules so did he in the Rue St. Honore, where his deadly battery commanded the church of St. Roch, the rallying point of the people; and where 12,000 men fell before his cannon.

Twelve thousand lives were sacrificed by the authority of a mere youth; but the Convention was saved; and Barras was thenceforward his avowed protector; while the first fruits of that protection were his appointment as General of Division.

The Convention was saved; and Paris no longer required the presence or services of Gen. Bonaparte; who had, moreover, during the struggle of the 5th of October, indulged in an independence of action, undisguised, so that it reduced his commanding officer to a mere cipher in the eyes of his own soldiers; and, happy as Barras had felt at the successful issue of the day, he was nevertheless conscious that his own position throughout the whole affair had been the reverse of dignified. He consequently found no difficulty in convincing himself that Bonaparte might serve the Republic more efficiently elsewhere than within the walls of Paris; and he had scarcely come to this conclusion, when he arrived at another equally luminous.

The young Corsican was a soldier of fortune, who had walked the streets of Paris for months without an aim or a hope—indebted to a college friend both for the coat he wore, and the bread with which he broke his fast—Madame de Beauharnais had been enabled, through the good offices of Tallien, to recover a portion of his late husband's property; and could he only induce Bonaparte to marry her—but we will not follow him in his deductions; let it suffice that after mature deliberation he spoke to his *protege* upon the subject, who evinced as little inclination as Josephine herself to the marriage which was proposed to him. He had been presented to Madame de Beauharnais in the *salon* of Madame Tallien, where he was enabled to contrast her soft and indolent grace with the more striking, but less fascinating beauty of her magnificent friend, and that of all the loveliest women under the Directory, the fame of whose personal perfections has been handed down to us by the memoirs of the period; many of whom, having shared the captivity and sufferings of Josephine, now enjoyed in her society the safety for which they had paid so high a price.

The favor of Barras, coupled with the bold exploit of the Rue St. Honore, had caused the name of Bonaparte to be familiar, and his presence to be coveted, by all which at that time constituted the fashionable world of Paris; nor was it long ere he became a constant guest in the modest drawing room of Josephine; where he found temporary repose for his eager spirit in listening to her low musical voice, and watching the furtive glances of her downcast eyes; but that was all. No thought of her as a wife had ever crossed his mind. He was wedded to his ambition; and even while he admired, he remained heart-whole. There were, moreover, other circumstances which, to a proud and aspiring spirit like his, sufficed to keep his feelings within the boundaries of friendship and regard; and he started like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet when Barras abruptly proposed that he should offer her his hand.

"I want no wife save this," he said, as he struck the hilt of his sword; "and even were it otherwise"—

"Listen to me," interposed his patron: "You are brave, but you are poor; and this widow of the Marquis de Beauharnais, although far from possessing the fortune to which, under other circumstances, she must have succeeded, is yet in a position to advance your fortune, and to secure your career. You are a foreigner and an exile; while she is highly connected, and has influential friends, who will not fail to exert all their energies to serve the man who may become her husband. You will do well to remember this."

The young general remained silent.

"Hear what I have further to say," pursued the commandant of Paris. "We are, as you know, preparing to send an army into Italy. Marry Madame de Beauharnais, and I will secure to you the command of that army; when it will be your own fault if you do not become one of the leading men of the Republic."

A flush passed over the face of Bonaparte.

"Decide," continued Barras, "as you think proper. With the wife I have proposed to you, I pledge myself that you shall be General in-Chief of the forces of France beyond the Alps; decline the marriage, and I leave you to work out your own destiny."

We all know the result of that conversation. The bribe was too tempting to be resisted; while Josephine proved no less yielding. Assailed on all sides by assurances that not only her own interests, but also those of her children, were involved in her compliance with the wishes of Barras, she finally consented to become the wife of Bonaparte, who, for a short time, proved the most devoted of suitors, and the most uxorious of husbands.

The marriage was no sooner decided on than the republican General, asserting his privilege as an accepted lover, frequently accompanied his fair betrothed to the houses of their mutual friends; or sauntered with her along the stately terraces of the Tuileries, and amid the leafy shades of the Bois de Boulogne; while if the heart of Josephine remained for awhile untouched, her vanity was less passive; and as she listened to the glowing prophecies of the ardent young soldier upon whose arm she leant, she began to indulge in the same visions, and to glory in the same hopes. On one occasion she requested him to accompany her to the residence of M. Raguideau, an old lawyer, to whom she was anxious to reveal the forthcoming change in her destiny.

On their arrival, they were informed by the clerks in the outer office that M. Raguideau was in his private room; and Josephine, withdrawing her hand from the arm of Bonaparte, begged him to await her there for a few minutes, while she had a private interview with her friend. As she disappeared, however, she neglected to close the door behind her, and from the chair upon which he seated himself, her intended husband was able to overhear, without losing a single word, the whole of their conversation.

"M. Raguideau," commenced Madame de Beauharnais, "I have come to inform you of my approaching marriage."

"Your marriage, Madame!" was the astonished reply; "and with whom?"

"A few days hence I shall be the wife of Gen. Bonaparte."

"What! The widow of one soldier, you are about to marry another. Gen. Bonaparte, do you say? Ah, yes, I re-

member; the commandant of the army of the Interior; the young fellow who gave a lesson to Gen. Carteaux at Toulon."

"The same, M. Raguideau."

"Pshaw, Madame! A soldier of fortune, who has his way to make."

"He will make it, my good friend."

"When, and how? But first, what is he worth at present?"

"Nothing, save his house in the rue Chantereine."

"A shed—a—And so you are really going to marry this adventurer?"

"I am."

"So much the worse for you, Madame."

"And why?"

"Why? Because you had much better remain a widow than marry a paltry general, without either name or prospects. You must assuredly be mad! Will your Bonaparte ever be a Dumouriez, or a Pichegru? Will he ever be the equal of our great republican generals? I have a right to doubt it. Moreover, let me tell you that the profession of arms is worthless now; and I would much rather know that you were about to marry an army-contractor than any military man in France."

"Every one to his taste, Monsieur;" said Josephine, stung by the contemptuous tone in which he had spoken: "you, it would appear, regard marriage merely as an affair of finance."

"And you, Madame;" broke in the excited and angry old man; "you see in it only a matter of sentiment, and what you no doubt call love; is not that what you were about to say? Again I repeat, all the worse for you, Madame; all the worse for you. I had given you more credit for good sense than to suspect that you would allow yourself to be dazzled by a pair of gold epaulettes. Reflect before you make such a sacrifice; for rest assured that, if you are rash enough to persist in this foolish scheme, you will repent your folly all the days of your life. Who ever heard of a rational woman throwing herself away upon a man whose whole fortune consists in his sword and his great-coat!"

While listening to this extraordinary dialogue, Bonaparte, who began to fear that the comments and advice of Raguideau might militate against his marriage, was half suffocated with rage and impatience; he writhed upon his seat, and was a score of times on the point of showing himself, and desiring the officious lawyer to attend to his leases and lawsuits instead of interfering in matters with which he had no right to intermeddle. As he heard the words "sword and great-coat" so disdainfully uttered, he sprang from his chair, his eyes flashed, and, regardless of the gaze of the astonished clerks who were watching all his movements, he advanced towards the door beside which he had been sitting. Fortunately, however, the fear of exposing himself to ridicule restrained him; and he returned to his seat in ligmant at his own weakness.

A few minutes afterwards Josephine appeared, evidently ruffled and annoyed and followed by the old lawyer who accompanied her to the head of the stairs; where Bonaparte, drawing the hand of his betrothed bride once more through his arm, made him a silent and contemptuous bow.

As they proceeded towards home, Madame de Beauharnais was conscious that Bonaparte had never before been so tender or so assiduous, but she did not open her lips upon the subject of her conference with her old and confidential friend while he on his side preserved the same silence; nor was it until the day of the Coronation that either Josephine or Raguideau had the slightest suspicion that their conversation had been overheard by the very person whom it most interested.

Years went by; the Italian campaigns and the Egyptian victories had aggrandized the "mere general;" and then came the eighteenth Brumaire; and subsequently Bonaparte, not satisfied with the Life-Consulate, dreamt of an Empire; while the French nation, when called upon to express its opinion upon this momentous question, replied by nearly four millions of written adhesions, not only to the Empire itself, but to the extraordinary man by whom it had been suggested.

The Emperor Napoleon was to be crowned; and the Pope left the Holy City for Paris in order to perform the ceremony.

On the day of the Coronation, as he was about to proceed to the Archbishop's palace, Napoleon appeared to remember for the first time the existance of Raguideau; and after having left his private apartments, as he was pacing up and down the throne room, he suddenly paused in his walk, and summoning by a gesture one of his chamberlains, he desired that M. Raguideau the lawyer might be immediately sent for.

When informed that the Emperor desired his attendance at the Tuileries, and *that*, moreover, on the very day of his Coronation, the man of business was lost in wonder, not being able to conjecture for an instant the motive of so abrupt a summons. When he had reached the palace and had traversed several apartments full of mirrors and gilding, and crowded with Marshals, Ministers of State, and Grand Officers of the Empire, he was ushered into a saloon where Napoleon was conversing with Josephine while awaiting him.

"Ah! here you are at last, M. Raguideau;" said Napoleon, half smiling; "I am very happy to see you."

"Sire—"

"My good sir;" pursued the Emperor, without giving him time to reply; "do you remember a day in 1796 when I accompanied to your house Madame de Beauharnais, now *Empress* of the French?" and he emphasized the word Empress with all the depth of his finely-modulated voice; "Do you remember the eulogy which you uttered on the military profession? and the personal panegyric of which I was the object? Well! what say you now? Were you a true prophet? You declared that my fortune would always consist of my sword and my great-coat—that I should never make a name or a position like Dumouriez or Pichegru—and that Madame de Beauharnais was insane to sacrifice herself to a 'mere general.' I have made my way, nevertheless, as you perceive; and in despite of your sagacious predictions. Think you that the 'army contractor' would have bestowed a brighter boon upon his wife after eight years of marriage, than a crown; and that crown the Imperial diadem of France?"

As he ceased speaking, Napoleon raised the hand of Josephine to his lips; while she sat silent and motionless, bewildered by so unexpected a scene.

Stupefied by this deluge of questions, every one of which conveyed a covert rebuke, the unfortunate lawyer could only stammer out a few disjoined words; his legs trembled under him; his eyes were riveted upon the floor; and the Emperor stood by, evidently enjoying his discomfiture. "Sire, I could not foresee—Sire, did you really overhear—?"

"Every word, M. Raguideau. You are aware that walls have ears, and I owe you a severe reprisal; for if my excellent Josephine had listened to your advice it would have cost her a throne and me the best of wives. You are a great culprit, M. Raguideau."

At the words "reprisal" and "culprit," the poor old man became more agitated than ever, the blood forsook his face, and he trembled in every limb: "How could I tell?—How could I guess—?" he gasped out; "I thought only of her—of her fatherless children—I had loved them for years—I was anxious to see them once more restored to prosperity and happiness—"

"I believe you," said the Emperor, touched by the emotion of the grey-headed confidant of his wife; "you could not tell—you could not guess—" and for a moment he paused, and remained absorbed in thought; "The future is beyond the grasp of any living man, so now we will return to the present; and as I cannot altogether overlook the injury which you sought to inflict upon me, I condemn you to go this day to Notre Dame and to witness the ceremony of my Coronation. Not in a corner—not behind a pillar, which will prevent my having ocular evidence of your obedience—but in the seat that I shall cause to be retained for you. Do you hear, sir? I must see you both in the cathedral, and in the line of the procession."

Once more able to breathe freely, and endeavoring to express alike his gratitude and his joy, Raguideau bowed himself from the room, and hastened home to prepare himself for the august ceremony, at which he had been commanded to assist; while Napoleon, after having jested for a few minutes with his wife over the consternation of her far-sighted counsellor, entered his carriage in the court of the Tuileries, and proceeded to the Archbishopric. Ten o'clock was just striking from the clock of the palace, and a salute of artillery announced the departure of the Emperor; while, a quarter of an hour subsequently, a second salute gave notice of his arrival at the Archbishopric.

As he left the cathedral, Napoleon recognized the old lawyer in the crowd; and when their eyes met, he smiled graciously, and the smile was answered by so profound a bow that, as he afterwards laughingly declared to the Empress, he was for several seconds in doubt whether the prophet of 1796 would ever again be enabled to resume the perpendicular.

A Man Dying Twice.—A man died in the Seventeenth ward a day or two ago, who might be said to have died once and been recalled to life by a singular circumstance. He had suffered for a long time from consumption, and grown weaker and weaker, and more and more attenuated, until he could not stand or speak. He felt that he had but a few days to live, and made every preparation for approaching dissolution. His wife watched beside him, and one morning he beckoned to her to put her head to his lips, when he whispered, "I am going Jane," and took her hand.

A slight spasm passed through his frame; a deadly pallor overspread his face; his eyes rolled upward, and the rattle of death was heard in his throat.—At that moment his wife screamed, and he started up with new vigor, and asked faintly. "Why did you do that? Why did you not let me die in peace?"

From that moment he began to recover and grow stronger, and in a month was enabled to leave his bed and work at his trade. He lived for nearly two years after that strange event, but finally was attacked with a return of his old complaint and died after an illness of three months. —*Bal. American.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Three New Blue and Gold Books—From Wall Street to Cashmere—Sir Wm. Hamilton's Lectures—Hugh Miller's Posthumous Volume—New numbers of Blackwood and the Westminster—The Bible in the Levant—Juvenile tales by Mrs. Geldart—Household Words—Dow's Patent Sermons.

The art and literary criticisms of Mrs. Jameson are very treasures, in their way, as contributing more largely to a "scientific" knowledge of the subject than any other contributions we can call to mind. Ruskin has written more rhapsodically, and a score of others more dogmatically or transcendentally, but no English writer has done more towards placing criticism, either of belles-lettres or art, on a sound asthetic basis than this talented lady. Says the Philadelphia Bulletin: "She has rationally and enthusiastically contributed a vast amount of comment on literature and art, which will form good preparation for those future writers who are to Anglo-Saxonize and render practical the Vischer and Bouterwek. Her industry is remarkable and her knowledge so varied that it alone would insure spirit." The last of her volumes is the "Studies, Stories and Memories," with an exquisite steel engraving of Corregio's Magalen, alone worth the seventy-five cents charged for the book. Goethe, Byron, Schiller, Corregio, etc., are the "Studies," and Titian, Washington, Allston, and Adelaide Kemble are the "Memories." No intelligent mind can read this little tome without delight and profit.

The other two little "blue and gold" volumes comprise the "Poetical Works of James Gates Percival," now for the first time collected, with a memoir and fine portrait. With fine taste, unwearying industry, various and profound learning, a love of his beautiful art, and every accomplishment that could grace a refined mind and polished scholar, Percival was still one of the most neglected of men, pining for that sympathy and encouragement for which Shelley's heart ached, and suffering from a sterner want than ever Shelley stood in need. Sensitive in nature and proud in spirit, his life was a continued struggle, and in some points a failure. For lack of appreciation and kindly reciprocation, much of his hard bought learning was lost to the world, and the genial smile which made many a heart glad grew every day more limited.—And yet his poetry possesses a grace and finish that would do honor to the most favored bard in the land. Let these two little volumes be found amid the literary treasures of every lover of a pure and healthy literature.

An elegant volume of travels, written with ease and off handedness, and sent into the world by the publishers with all that excellent typographical and mechanical finish and adornment which betoken the most liberal expenditures on their part, has just been issued by Messrs. S. A. Roilo & Co., New York; Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia. It is entitled "From Wall Street to Cashmere, a Journal of Five Years in Asia, Africa and Europe. By John B. Ireland, with nearly one hundred illustrations from Sketches made on the spot by the author. 600 pages octavo."—The work is written in the most familiar style, and without pretension, literally giving the author's observations made while the spirit of the scene was upon him. He covered an immense extent of country while away. London during the world's fair in 1851, Denmark and all the other northern European countries. Turkey, Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia, France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, India (during eighteen months) Ceylon, China, Java, Singapore, Cashmere, etc. His account of the battle grounds, Delhi, Lucknow, etc., is particularly interesting. We cordially commend the admirable volume to every reader.

That noble volume, the "Lectures on Metaphysics by Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart." so long and eagerly expected by the public, has at length appeared from the press of Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston; Smith, English & Co., Philadelphia. It is a superb royal octavo, of 718 pages, elegantly printed and bound, as are all the publications of this eminent Boston house. This volume for the first time fairly introduces Sir Wm. Hamilton to the American public. Hitherto we have had nothing from him in print but fragments and monographs. Here, in these lectures, we have his renowned and perfect system complete. Hamilton stood confessedly at the head of modern metaphysicians, and his ideas prevail now very generally, if not universally, in the schools. Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, the biennial course on both subjects which he was wont to deliver to his classes acquired a celebrity that could never be confined to one school or one country. This volume comprises the one complete half of this course, and its fulness and faithfulness may be understood from the very names of the editors—Prof. Henry Longueville Mansel, who occupies a similar chair in the Magdalen College, Oxford, and Mr. Veitch, one of Sir William's most distinguished students. The publication of such a work, taken in connection with the treatises of President Wayland on Moral and Political Science, and the Mental Philosophy of Professor Haven, which bear their imprint, will give Messrs. Gould & Lincoln a deserved celebrity in connection with this departmens of learning.

By a special arrangement made with the family of the late Hugh Miller, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have secured the right to republish in this country all the posthumous works of the great Geologist as rapidly as they appear in England. The Cruise of the Betsey was the first of these volumes, and the second, Popular Geology, with Descriptive Sketches from a Geologist's Portfolio—superior in interest even to that celebrated work, has just appeared in a uniform, duodecimo volume. It is written in Hugh Miller's best style, and is likely to become the most popular of his books, supplying as it does the very information which students in the science require, but have heretofore been unable to find. Let every reader make a note of it.

The American edition of the Westminster Review for April and Blackwood's Magazine for May have just been issued by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. Blackwood is a gem, number, and of the Westminster the Philadelphia Press says, "It has scarcely a weak article in it. Indeed, the new number is one of the best issued for several years." As the paper we have quoted is never given to hyperbole, we may take for granted that it is serious in its assertion. The Italian Question, The Drama in Paris, Weimer and its celebrities, De Lamennais—his Life and Writings, The Morals of Trade, England's Political Position, and a most capital local sketch of Yorkshire are all articles of live interest that will charm the merely occasional reader as well as the man of letters and the politician.—We repeat what has been so often said that five dollars could not possibly be better invested than in a year's subscription to these two splendid publications, or three dollars for a subscription to either one, or ten dollars for the whole five British periodicals republished regularly by Messrs. Leonard Scott & Co.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co., New York, who occupy the same eminent position for their religious publications in that city, that Gould & Lincoln do in Boston, or James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, have just issued in a neat 18 mo volume, with steel portrait, "The Bible in the Levant, or The Life and Letters of the Rev. C. N. Righter. By Samuel I. Prime." Mr. Righter was an American Missionary in the Levant and died on duty at the mission at Diabeker, Assyria, Mr. Prime made a tour with him, and from the letters and journals of the deceased, from facts furnished by his friends, and from personal knowledge has prepared this deeply interesting biography. The ground gone over by Mr. Righter, including the Crimea during the war, and his personal acquaintance with distinguished men, give the little volume a great attractiveness, independent of the charm which the "Life" of a true man always possesses.

The same publishers issue two pretty little juveniles, both by Mrs. Thomas Geldart, an attractive English authoress. They are entitled respectively "Truth is Everything, a tale for Young Persons," and "Daily Thoughts for a Child." The former is a pleasantly told story of English domestic and juvenile life, inculcating, not at the end but throughout the whole course of the narrative, the beautiful moral suggested by the title. The other comprises a series of texts, with a plain and simple homily and a short and illustrative sketch to each. Either is calculated to impress on a young person the principles of religion in a clear and practical manner. They will be sent by mail, seperately or together, at half a dollar each, by the publishers.

The very current and erroneous impression that Household Words will be annihilated or discontinued by the withdrawal of Mr. Charles Dickens, and the establishment of that gentleman's new rival weekly, deserves to be corrected. Household Words will be no such thing! On the contrary its force will be augmented, and its contributing talent enlarged and improved. The mere fact of a rival on its own ground will give it a jealousy for its good name, of which, we hesitate not to say it, it has lately grown careless, even under the tutelage of the great Boz. Moreover it will have a better editor than Mr. Wells, the probability being that Shirley Brooks or Mr. G. Augustus Sala will be advanced to that post. The latter gentleman will *not* write for All the Year Round, representations to the contrary notwithstanding, he having declined to make up his difference with Mr. Dickens. With the last number before us (American reprint of Mr. F. A. Brady, 126 Nassau street, New York,) we already observe signs of these improvements, though the official changes are not yet announced. We hesitate not to say that with the new year, to be begun next month, this favorite serial will be better than ever.

Mr. F. A. Brady also publishes, in a very neat 12 mo of 300 pages, one of those capital humorous volumes by Dow, Jr., New Patent Sermons, Machine Poetry, and Lectures on Animals, etc. Every reader is familiar with scraps from these famous humorous sketches, the name of Dow, Jr., ranking second only to Sam Slick as a grotesque and forcible caricaturist. There is many a sensible bit of philosophy mingled with his fun and farce, and altogether the book is worth obtaining for its great fund of resources.

Southern Baptist Convention.

This body assembled in Richmond, Va., May 6th, and adjourned 10th inst. There were five hundred and forty-six delegates in attendance, representing the District of Columbia Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. Texas, Arkansas and Louisiana, were unrepresented. Rev. R. B. C. Howell, D. D., of Nashville, Tenn., was elected President upon the first ballot. The vote was as follows: Howell, 228; J. B Jeter, 95; R. Fuller, 54; scattering, 57. After delivering a neat speech, thanking the convention for electing him the fifth time President, Dr. Howell declined serving. After four other ballotings, Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D., Baltimore, was elected President; Rev. J. B. Jeter, D D., Richmond, first Vice-President; Rev. B. Manly, Sr., D D, Charleston, second Vice-President; Hon. Thomas Stocks, Greensboro', Ga., third Vice-President; Rev. Wm. B. Buck, Selma, Ala., fourth Vice-President; Rev Wm. Carey Crane, Centre Hill, Miss., first Secretary; Rev. Geo. B. Taylor, Staunton, Va., second Secretary; J. J. Foon, Esq., Charleston, Treasurer. The last mentioned officers were chosed without opposition.

The reports of the Foreign and Domestic Mission Boards represents the missions in a flourishing state. Missions are maintained in China, Central Africa, Liberia, among the Western Indians and in various destitute places in the South and West. The various treasuries exhibited balances on hand of about $8,000 to the credit of Foreign Missions, over $3,000 to credit of Domestic Missions, and near $2,000 to credit of Bible Board. The whole amount annually received, $100,000.

A large committee (Hon. Judge W. P. Clinton of Ala., chairman,) was appointed to report upon systems and plans of missionary operations. That committee unanimously agreed upon a report, substantially endorsing the present efficient mode of conducting missions. This report was unanimously adopted.

A motion was made to abolish the Bible Board, and rejected by a large majority; another was made to remove it from Nashville, Tenn., to Macon, Ga., which was reappointed, mainly of members of the old Board. Rev. Dr. Howell, President.

On the last evening of the session, Prof. Pendleton, of Tennessee, offered resolutions declaring that, in the appointment of the Board, the convention took no part in the Nashville difficulties. These resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of two to one. A protest was then presented, but, upon assurances of members that the convention had adopted no action properly to be construed as taking part in the troubles at Nashville, the protest was withdrawn, the resolutions reconsidered and withdrawn, and the whole subject stricken from the record.

The proceedings of the convention were conducted in the best spirit, and harmony generally prevailed. The adjournment evinced nobler enthusiasm in the objects of the convention than ever existed before. The strongest men from the pulpit, the bar, the judicial bench, the legislative hall, the halls of colleges, and all other avocations or life were present, and immense congregations were in attendance. Sixty Baptist ministers, appointed by the convention, filled the pulpits of Richmond on Sabbath, May 8th. We observed that the Rev. E. T. Winkle, of South Carolina, and Rev. J. W. Warden, of Missouri, filled St. John's Episcopal pulpit, and Wm. Carey Crane, of Mississippi, and Rev. Wm. Crowell, of Missouri, the Universalist pulpit.

The convention adjourned to meet at Savannah, Ga., Friday before second Sunday in May, 1861. Rev. John A. Broadus, Virginia, Preacher; Rev. Wm. McIntosh, Alabama, Alternate.

A negro once gave the following toast: "De gubernor ob de State—he got in wid berry little opposition, he got out wid none at all."

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, D. C. May 27th, '59.

No battle—Virginia Election—Lecture by H. W. Miller, of N. C—The City Election—The issue presented—Improvement—Pic Nics; &c.

The latest news from Europe may be summed up in the brief announcement which tantalizing editors, persistently, keep at the head of their telegraphic column—"NO BATTLE YET!" People here are beginning to hint spitefully that the contending sovereigns are sadly wanting in "pluck" and are much exercised at the unseemly delay with which the great armies are proceeding to the business of cutting each other's throats.

The Virginia election returns are slowly coming in and indicate considerable opposition gains. Indeed the Democrats seem to fear that, unless the western counties roll up handsome Letcher majorities, the Old Dominion may, for the first time, give an anti-Democratic vote, and place Goggin in the gubernatorial chair.

Henry W. Miller, Esq., a citizen of your State, is expected to arrive here to-morrow evening. He is to deliver by request a lecture on the "Eighteenth Century" on Monday evening at the Smithsonian Institution; the proceeds to be applied to aid in the purchase of Mt. Vernon. The greatest efforts have been made to secure a large attendance, and there is every reason to think that the lecture will be eminently successful.

The issue that will be voted upon in the election to take place on Monday week in this city, will be the expediency or inexpediency of sustaining the Mayor, who has lately vetoed several bills of importance passed by our City Councils. The Veto and anti-Veto parties are thoroughly organized and the contest will be a spirited one.

Improvements are going on with great energy in the "west end" of the metropolis. W. W. Corcoran, Esq., will shortly commence in the vicinity of the White House the erection of a national "Art Temple" worthy the finest efforts of American Artists.

Workmen are everywhere busy introducing the water from the mains of the Potomac Aqueduct into the dwellings of our citizens.

It is said the President of the U. S. will shortly leave Washington on a visit to Chapel Hill in your State.

The season of Pic Nics has come, and merry parties are daily leaving their wonted pursuits for a day of relaxation in the woods. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. May 30th, '59.

Picnics at present, parties in prospect—Good Times and the President Coming—The New Buildings at the Asylum—Brown the Painter—A Wedding that was to be and was not.

Dear Times:—This is the season for Picnics and our young folks have been doing something in that line by way of breaking the dreary monotony which prevails around us. Our custom here generally is to do things all up in a heap; sometimes during the gay season we have a party, and occasionally two or three a week and then for a long series of months nothing occurs to give variety to the unbroken quiet, which broods over us.—Since February we have been "lingering in blissful repose" and no one has dreamed even of a "tea fight;" now, however we regard the picnics as premonitory symptoms of the parties, which are to burst forth with great vigor after Commencement; at least we flatter ourselves we have the sympathies of the entire youthful population of our City, when we say: "we hope so." Then the influx of strangers, Chapel Hill graduates with their "blushing honors thick upon them" and the new dresses, spring trimmings and other attractive and bewitching novelties raise the pulse of the beau monde up to fever heat; they try to "enjoy life while it lasts" and wish with the mad poet:

"Oh, if mirth might arrest the flight
Of Time through Life's dominions,
We here awhile would now beguile
The grey beard of his pinions."

But as we were saying about picnics: the juveniles, young ladies and young gentlemen of Miss West's school led off in fine style last week; sundry of the small fry, attended by their anxious and happy mammas, repaired to Collin's Spring, where a rustic hall of goodly dimensions had been erected in former times, in anticipation of its being a popular resort, and made themselves merry in regular May day style. A tiny queen was crowned, about Titania's dimensions, was conducted to her wreathed throne by a pair of gallant cavaliers and delivered a diminutive speech about as long as the shortend of a piece of string, amidst the plaudits of her admiring subjects, which was answered in like manner by one of the aforesaid esquires. They then fell to feasting and frolicing until their gambols were interrupted by an untimely shower—many happy hearts throbbed on their infantile pillows that night and many fervent thanks were returned from pure hearts to the all Wise Giver for one more day of unsullied happiness. But all these enjoyments were completely eclipsed by a fete champetre, which came off at Milburnie—near the Neuse Co's Mills on Friday last; it was gotten up by the beaux of city and country in unison and there the city belle met and admired her country cousin, on ground of her own choosing and we do say that each held her ground remarkably well. It would weary your patience and exhaust our limits even to mention the many good things said and done, eaten and drank on the occasion; 'twere long to tell how Everett, the magician, bewitched the crowd by his sorceries and it would be cruel to your bachelor friends to attempt to describe how featly Miss——danced, how ravishingly Miss——was dressed or how radiant Miss——shown. If you or your readers wish to kow how the thing looks and feels, just, get up one "on your own hook" and attempt to write your experience next day or even a week after.

Our city is all of a blaze with the excitement of the President's arrival on Tuesday next; if we could only write it out for you to day! and if we had the prescience of some of our Northern writers, we would certainly draw on our imagination and describe the arrival and the cortege of to-morrow, in set terms for you. As our engagement with the "Times" does not include the practice of clairvoyance, we forbear for once. The scenes at the Depot meantime are of the most pleasant descriptions; such scores of radiant, happy faces, such mountains of trunks, such multitudes of hat boxes, such infinitudes of such greeting and bussing, hurrying to and fro, question after question and *no reply*, such turmoil, confusion, heat, smoke, tickets, checks annoyances and.— Sometimes in a philosophic mood we set ourselves in a quiet corner and think of a grave, old Turk who by some odd chance found himself in a drawing room, where a few black coats were frantically struggling among rolling billows of white muslin" in spasmotic efforts to dance: "Why," said he. "do your people work so had to be happy; in my country all that sort of thing is done by our slaves." Several of our military companies are to escort the President, while here and as far as Durham's; that gallant corps the O. C., G., meet him at Weldon and attended by the Wilmington Ligtht Intantry who were the first to volunteer their services, will escort him to this city. He is to hold a levee at the Yarbrough House, in the evening, admission free, and altogether we expect to have a grand time; "may we be there to see."

The Contract for the erection at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum has been awarded to Messrs Briggs and Dodd at $9.450; the plans are from the skilful hand of the Principal, Mr. Cooke. Mr. C. will attend the Teacher's Convention at Newbern in June next and then and there make an exhibition of the proficiency of his scholars, who will accompany him, it is his intention also to visit Beaufort. Mr. Brown, the distinguished Artist, is again in our city, painting a portrit of Ex-Senator Mangum, for the Dialectic Society at Chapel Hill. The congregation at Dr. Mason's Church on Sunday evening last lacked to have seen a wedding, the party of the first part was the distinguished officer who condescends to perform the duty of sexton; the licens was procured, the good people waited and kept waiting and at last it leaked out that various satisfactory reasons had canspired to prevent the union, so they all went home. We are not aware that any suit for breach of promise has been instituted.

Yours &c. P. S. S.

SUDDEN DEATH.—It gives us pain to announce the sudden death of our oldest citizen, Mr. Robert M. Sterling, who accidentally fell, on Sturday last; while rising from his seat: Being sick and very feeble, Mr. Sterling found himself falling, and in attempting to recover threw out his hand, which struck a board, not well balanced, on which a window pane was lying, tilting it so as to throw the window pane under the calf of his right leg, which severed the main artery, producing death in a few minutes, and before the aid of physicians could be procured. His sister was the only person present to witness the distressing scene.

Mr. Sterling was fifty-six years of age, and was the oldest native of Charlotte.—*Charlotte Bulletin*

GOING TO FRANCE:—Some of the American officers who were in the Mexican war are volunteering to join France. Major Kearney has already gone.

A western editor, on hearing it remarked that persons in a drowning condition suddenly recollected all the transactions of their lives; wished that a few of his delinquent subscribers would take to bathing in deep water.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC—MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. III.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D., OF GA.

THE BANJO.

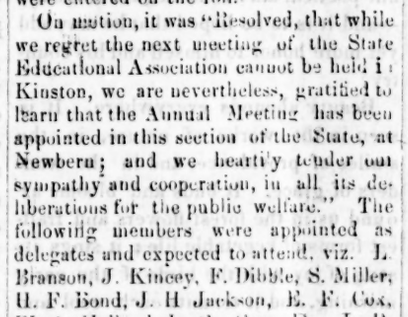
Two years ago I promised the readers of the Times something about this increasingly popular instrument, which has long held among the negroes of the South, much the same position that the Guitar, holds among the Levantine nations of Europe: I now make good my promise

The Banjo, like the Violin, is regarded by many as a wicked instrument; for no other reason, that I can see, save its having been so long and so frequently used by Cuffee, to charm the heart of his Dinah, and to stir the dull blood of his corn-shucking companions to the night long dance. But since the "Christies," the "Campbells," the "Virginians," the "Alleghanians," and other *Northern* musicians have caught up Coffee's strains, and sent them all abroad on beautifully printed sheets, the finest ladies in the land deign to play them on the Piano; and the anathemas of the strain-at-a-gnat-and-swallow-a-camel Christians are not hurled with quite so much virulence as formerly against the Banjo. Well, matters will, it is hoped, get straight after awhile.

But a truce to speculation; I must tell you about the Banjo.

"Its head and neck are formed like the Guitar; it has five strings; is played with the fingers and hand; and its body is in the form of a hoop over which parchment is stretched as over a drum."

It has four long strings and one short one; and they are named is in this diagram:



Tune the middle, or third string, to C; (with a tuning-fork, pitch-pipe, or some keyed instrument;) the fifth, or shorter string, to G an octave above this; tune the fourth string to F a fifth below lower C; and the first to G, a third above E, and a fifth above lower C.

To play the instrument, sit up gracefully, resting the body of it against your right side, and holding the neck of it in the hollow of your left hand. This will bring fingers and thumb directly over the strings. Thus prepared, with the instrument tuned, and yourself and it in correct position, go to *picking*. "But how shall I do it?" Well, send $1 to *Oliver Ditson, & Co.*, Boston Mass: and get Phil. Rice's *Banjoist*; or if you wish a cheaper work, tell them to send you Brigg's Banjo *Instructor*, price 50 cents. But if you wish to know my opinion, I say, get Rice's by all means, if it does cost a dollar.

Wishing you many blissful hours with Banjo, books, and Bessie dear, I leave you for the present, hoping that all the finer feelings of your soul will be improved by music and that you will help to make happy your own fireside and every other you may chance to visit.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Lenoir County Educational Association.

The Annual Meeting commenced in Kinston, on the 7th of May. The roll being called the regular order of business was commenced. Several gentlemen were elected to membership, responded, and were entered on the roll.

On motion, it was "Resolved, that while we regret the next meeting of the State Educational Association cannot be held in Kinston, we are nevertheless, gratified to learn that the Annual Meeting has been appointed in this section of the State, at Newbern; and we heartily tender our sympathy and cooperation, in all its deliberations for the public welfare." The following members were appointed as delegates and expected to attend, viz. L. Branson, J. Kinsey, F. Dibble, S. Miller, H. F. Bond, J. H Jackson, E. F. Cox, W. A. Holland, I. G. Cox, Dr. J. P. Bryan, W. Dunn, jr., R W. King, Dr Chapel, G. Washington, G. C Woodley, L. C. Desmond, H. F. Strong, Gen. J. W. Cox.

Officers for this Association were then elected for the ensuing year, as follows:

Franklin Dibble, Esq.,		Pres.
G. C. Woodley,	"	1st Vice Pres.
W. A. Holland,	"	2 " "
Justus Kinsey,		Steward.
L. Branson,		Secretary.

The Query was then discussed viz.—Are Colleges beneficial? After many arguments pro and con, the question was very amicably decided in the affirmative, by the casting vote of the chairman.

On motion, it was determined to discuss the following subject at the August meeting, viz. "Is corporeal punishment necessary in our common schools?" Quite a live interest was manifested throughout the whole meeting, and a brighter day seems to be dawning for Lenoir county.—Adjourned in much harmony.

H. R STRONG, *Pres.*

L. BRANSON, *Sec.*

Lenoir Institute, N. C.

From the Wexford Constitution, April 30th.

FRIGHTFUL SHIPWRECK.

Loss of the Packet Ship Pomona, of New York—Four Hundred and Twenty Persons Drowned—Afflicting Scenes on the Beach—Discription of Some of the Bodies.

The weather during the past few days has been of the most boisterous character, the gales of wind prevailing on Wednesday and Thursday being so violent as to cause great apprehension that serious shipping disasters might result therefrom.—This view has been unfortunately borne out by the occurrences of Thursday and yesterday, and it now becomes our painful and melancholy duty to chronicle the total destruction of a large emigrant ship, and the loss of upwards of three hundred and eighty human lives, in our own immediate neighborhood.

The splendid clipper ship *Pomona*, 1,000 tons burden, of New York, left Liverpool on Wednesday with a crew of thirty six sailors, in addition to the captain, Charles Merrihew, and with passengers for New York to the number of about three hundred and eighty. She left the Mersey with a fair and full breeze, and everything seemed to be going on well up to a late hour, when, almost in a moment, the hopes of the living freight were blighted, the ship struck, and nothing but death and desolation lay before them. Many of the passengers and a portion of the crew had retired to their respective berths at an early hour, but a large number more cheerfully inclined, had congregated together in the saloons, and were singing and dancing up to a late hour, there being both a fiddler and piper on board. As the night advanced, however, the breeze freshened into a strong gale, before which the gallant ship flew as it were toward her destination, and most of the remaining passengers turned in.

By some means, which at present we have been unable to ascertain with accuracy, the captain, when nearing Teskar, seems to have lost his reckoning and mistaken his position, for a little past midnight the ship was driven on to a sandbank some seven miles off Ballyconnigar, near to Blackwater, the sea making a clear breach over her and sweeping the decks. The passengers rushed in crowds to the deck, most of them but partially dressed, and many with only their night clothes on. For a short time a wild scene of terror and confusion ensued, which, however, gradually subsided as the calm orders of the captain were obeyed by the crew, and something like order was re-established. The pumps were quickly manned, and it was found that the vessel was fast making water, but the captain was in hopes that if the weather moderated he should be able in the morning to land all his passengers by means of his boats. In this, however, he was doomed to be disappointed, as the gale continued with increased fury during the whole of the day.

In the course of the morning an attempt was made to launch the lifeboats, but they were stove in and their crews drowned.—In this fearful state of suspense they remained until towards evening, when the ship, which had till then remained firm on the bank, slipped off by the stern into deep water, and commenced rapidly to fill. The whale boat was then launched, and a number of the crew rushed into her. The captain in hopes of being again driven on to the bank, let go the best bower anchor, but all his exertions were fruitless, and though more than forty men were working at the pumps all the time, the water gained upon them so fast, that in less than an hour she sank. The heartrending scenes that must have occurred during that hour are fearful to think of, but are known only to God, for, beyond those in the boat, not a soul was saved. The captain, first and second mates, remained on the sinking ship, the only officer in the boat being the third mate, Stephen Kelly, who succeeded in reaching the shore in company with eighteen others of the crew and three passengers, five being washed out in their passage from the vessel.

In the meantime the intelligence of the dangerous situation of the vessel had been brought to Wexford by some of the coast guards, and steps were taken by Mr. William Coghlan, the Collector of Customs, to render assistance, if possible, in rescuing so large a number of his fellow creatures from the perilous position in which they were placed. For this purpose he communicated with Dr. Devereux, owner of the steaming Erin, who generously placed her at the service of Mr. Coghlan, the captain being directed to take the Rosslare and another life-boat in tow at any moment it was possible to get out of the harbor. For this purpose steam was kept up for many hours, but it was not till daylight yesterday morning that the wind moderated sufficiently to admit of her leaving the river and then it was too late the last sad scene was over, and old and young, the fair and beautiful, as well as the manly and strong, met an untimely fate, and perished in sight of those shores to which they had but a few days before bidden adieu to find homes and friends in a distant land. Little of the wreck was to be seen when the steamer arrived at the spot, only the mizen mast being above the water. From this was taken the colors, which were flying when the vessel went down, the last sad momento of the departed.

On visiting the shore in the neighborhood of the wreck at a later hour yesterday, nothing whatever was to be seen of the vessel, very little of which was washed ashore.

On the beach at Ballyconnigar, however, were found the lifeless remains of several of the unfortunate passengers, which were removed to the boat house near there to await an inquest.

One of the first bodies rescued from the waves was that of a lady, apparently about 40 years of age, who, in life, must have been a handsome woman, and evidently moving in a respectable sphere of life.—The dress of this unfortunate lady, consisted of a black silk jacket, with small white spots, a black satin skirt, two fine flannel skirts, linen corset, white cotton stockings and slippers. Two large and handsome gold earrings were also found with the body, to which was attached an India rubber life belt.

From the Peoria (Ill.) Transcript of May 18.

Terrific Fight With a Rattlesnake.

We have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City; but such, it appears, is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the court house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected near the same location, and all that has remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar, and two well-preserved brick cisterns, which had been kept covered up. Last week the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower garden, found himself in the want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best brick he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank with one end partially imbedded in the earth, that somewhat incommoded him; so, seizing it, with some exertion he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise, at the next moment, to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattle-snake, and himself without a weapon in his hand. As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out, and the snake, bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene, but she was so overcome with fright that she became powerless to render any assistance. The snake, in the meantime, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed on each occasion to hit him upon the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake all the time becoming more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but, watching his chance, made several fruitless efforts to jump boldly from this seemingly pit of destruction. At the last trial he fortunately grasped a brick, which gave away with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he threw it, making probably one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wal he became a "pretty well used up serpent." Weak and exhausted, our hero, by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit; but, when once more upon earth, he fainted away, and it was sometime before he could be recovered. For several succeeding days he was quite unwell. The snake was afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles. The latter have been preserved, and are placed in Shoaff's Museum for exhibition.

Between Monday and Friday of last week wheat declined 29 cents per bushel in Chicago.

SCARCITY OF MONEY AND GRAIN:—Many of the small farmers on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad are so poor that they have no money this spring to buy seeds with, and the scarcity of breadstuffs during the past winter has exhausted everything in the shape of grain. In this emergency the managers of the road have had the sagacity and consideration to furnish large quantities of seed wheat to those unable to buy. In one day 1,600 bushels were sent from Chicago for distribution on the line of the road.

"DISTRIBUTION SERVICE" will close at the Asheville post office on and after the 1st of July, says the News.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N C.

SATURDAY, June 4, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

R. W. CARUTHERS, D.D.,	GEO. W. COTHRAN,
WM. B. HUNTER.	R. G. STAPLES,
J. STARR HOLLOWAY,	STEPHEN F. MILLER,
Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY,	Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL,
J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,	MATILDA C. SMILEY,
S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,	FINLEY JOHNSON,
MARY W. JANVRIN,	LOTTIE LINWOOD,
WILLIE E. PABOR,	CLARA AUGUSTA,
INA CLAYTON.	A. PERRY SPERRY,
C. G. DUNN.	Mrs. DI VERNON.
ANNA M. BATES.	PAUL RIVINWOOD,
GRACE MILWOOD,	Mdm. O. W. LeVERT
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS,
ED. ST. GEO. COOKE,	CHARLES E. W. DOBBS,
Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT.
GRIFFITH J. McREE.	J. C. FITZ GERALD
and others.	and others.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

It is very seldom indeed that American authors obtain justice from English critics, or if the phenomenon occurs, bare justice is granted. Longfellow, they pronounce *Tennysonian*, Bryant, they mention as tolerable, Poe is a sot, Willis is a fop. Our song-writers, Morris, Hoffman and Prentice are at best, but imitators of Moore; while they utterly ignore Simms, Percival, Sigourney and such associates. It however seems that they never thought Pollok an imitator, or Gray a spoil-stealer, Byron a drunkard, Moore at best a jester, love-sick and wine-sick, or Shelley an infidel. It is useless however for us to retaliate, and not so honorable as an open disgust with such low trickeries, or scorn at such manœuvres. Nor would we attempt to defend or protect from insult the writings of any one, merely because he or she is an American, but because of the intrinsic excellence of their writings.

In the discussion of the literary character of NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, we would speak merely of his poetical writings. Although these have gained for him an enviable reputation, yet they form but a small part of his varied and interesting writings. However voluminous his works are, they are not merely voluminous, but are characterized by a manly vigor of thought, and elegance of expression.

Mr. Willis has not the tenderness of thought that pleases us so much in Longfellow's poems, or the weirdness that so catches our attention in Poe's works, nor the warmth and sweetness that entrances us in Morris' songs, still as a descriptive poet he is rarely excelled. Nor is his power of pleasing confined only to description. Frequently, he is untrammelled by earthly objects, and soars beyond the thoughts of earth, and his strain is then peculiarly captivating and entrancing.

Perhaps we might mention as one of the chief elements of his poetry, elegance of expression. With dignity and ease he relates the "story of his song," at once fascinating the reader. He has a remarkable command of language, and the rich thoughts of his poetical mind are expressed with the requisite strength and utmost grace. His taste is exquisite, as may be proved from his reputation as an editor, and from the purity of his faultless (we might almost say) "Home Journal."

However we do not hesitate to express our opinion that his reputation as a poet, was too quickly and too easily earned. He has poetical talent, we readily admit, and that of a high order. But his poetry contains little of that strength of thought or that touching beauty of metaphor that true poetry should.

And here perhaps we are treading upon contended ground, for as high an authority as Archbishop Whately, in his "Rhetoric," says that the difference between Prose and Poetry consists in the one, being thought well expressed, and the other, in beautiful language and metrical arrangement conveying thoughts. That is, he makes thought in Poetry a secondary matter, subservient to verse and letter.

We would not wish to strike lances with the reverend and learned author on this subject, but we beg leave to differ from him in his opinion. And we will be compelled to adopt the course of Charmadas in Cicero's work on the "Orator," cite examples, rather than bring forward arguments. We have before expressed our opinion on this subject, in a recent number of the Times, but still our readers will bear with us.

The first example we cite, is the Bible. Rich in tender associations and endearing recollections, it is not the less rich in poetical beauty and sublimity! The Book of Job, the Prophecies of Isaiah and Habakkuk, the Psalms and many other parts both of the Old and New Testaments are replete with poetical fragments. The old towers and cities are grand, the meadows are fresh, the hills leap for joy, the morning stars sing, and the trees clap their hands.—What could we not say of the beauty of the Bible! And this beauty consists not in the phraseology but in the thought. And yet the world agrees to call the Bible a book of poetry. Solomon's song is strictly a poem. Could any one say that it is because of the harmonious versification and elegant language that the Bible is so poetical?

But it may be replied that the cause of the beauty of the Bible is because of its poetic language and not of its thought. What we mean to say is that there is a difference between poetical language and thought. We grant that there is a difference, and what then?—Does this difference preponderate the one way or the other? Nay, but even common use justifies our argument.—How often is it that we hear the idea expressed in tones of admiration, "what a fine thought that is"—"what a *poetical idea* is this!" And can we say that the verdict of mankind is wrong? So, even if there is poetical language, which we readily admit, there is like wise poetical thought, which should be as readily admitted.

But as we were to prove by citation rather than by argument, we will proceed a little farther. If any one will take the pains to examine, he will soon find that (perhaps, unconsciously to himself) he will speak of an idea as poetical, when of course the language could not have been meant. Thus this passage from the Proverbs can not but be acknowledged as strictly poetical, and yet there is no poetical language, and it is but a collection of observations and maxims:

"Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. The full soul loatheth an honey-comb; but to the hungry soul, every bitter thing is sweet. As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.—Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart, so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel."

And in any eloquent oration, any one would speak of an idea as eloquent, or poetical, alike.

We see then that thought is not a subservient but a chief part of poetry.

We would not, however, deprive Mr. Willis of his title to a throne in "Thought's Dominion," for he has frequently a sweet thought in expressive language. As an example we adduce the following little poem; and it presents the most exquisite taste in the measure and a most appropriate use of the liberties of this measure:

The Spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours,
A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
Wild for companionship with swifter things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods—
Yet, even there, a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange that they fill not with their tranquil tone
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this
Save in forgetting the immortal dream;
We may not gaze upon the stars in bliss,
That thro' the cloud-rifts radiantly stream;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye,
And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

It has been charged upon Mr. Willis that he has no feeling in his verse—that he is too cold—beautiful as his poetry may be, it is but the reflected light from the glittering iceberg. Such a charge, such an imputation is, doubtless, cast upon him by those who have but little knowlege of his writings, of his sympathies in writing, of his affections and his propensities. This charge is triumphantly repelled in the piece of poetry "Better Moments."

Our readers will pardon us for the introduction of the two following passages to show the descriptive powers of this poet. These were written at an early age, and were on that account, perhaps, more enthusiastically received. The one is a description of the daughter of the Ruler Jairus, on her bed immediately before the miracle; the other is a description of Jepthah's daughter:

——Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And o'er it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in their tapering nails,
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life;
And round beneath the faintly-tinted skin,
Ran the light branches of the azure veins;
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay,
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
'Twas heavenly beautiful.

The description of Jepthah's daughter is no less eloquent:

——Her loose hair
Was resting on her shoulder, like a cloud
Floating around a statue, and the wind,
Just swaying her light robe, revealed a shape
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasped
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised
Her beautiful dark Jewish eyes to Heaven,
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft
Of a pomegranite blossom; and her neck,
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,
Was shaded as if light had fallen off.
Its surface was so polished. She was stilling
Her light, quick breath to hear; and the white rose
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swelled,
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.
Her countenance was radiant with love.
She looked like one to die for it—a being
Whose whole existence was the pouring out
Of rich and deep affections.

We leave our readers to ponder over those descriptions of Jewish beauty, wishing to know how a cloud floating round a statue would look, and also if Praxiteles lived in the time of Jephthah, or could we consider it an anachronism.

We can only say further, that Mr. Willis has done himself credit in each and every one of his writings. He has a refined taste, and excellent judgment, fine poetical talent and elegant language—and it is to be hoped that he may add yet more honor to himself and his country.

Beauty abounds everywhere. It is seen in the works of nature, in the smiles of providence, and in the wonders of grace. It buds and blooms around us in the forest flowers and frailest forms of vegetable life; it sings its song of joy with the birds of the early morning, and it tenants each cool and fragrant arbour where the brooks flow. But it is seen in fairer and lovelier features in the human race, and not here alone in the phisical forms, but in the mental delineations of men. Perhaps of all the fruits of the immortal mind, none gives more exquisite pleasure, than poetry. What then can be the feelings of those who would dampen the ardour, and cool the zeal of the young poet, by not appreciating the beauties and excellences of his verse? Let us each then before we pass a verdict upon a man's abilities, weigh well those "little things that please!"

RALEIGH FEMALE SEMINARY.—We understand that Rev. D. R. Bruton has resigned the Presidency of this Institution and that the Board of Directors have supplied the vacancy by electing to that post Professor T. H. Brame, who has been engaged in the school during the present session as Professor of Mathematics, Natural Sciences and Ancient Languages. The patrons of the school, while regretting to part with Mr. Bruton, will hail the appointment of Mr. Brame with the highest satisfaction.

Edgeworth Female Seminary.

The exercises connected with the annual examination of this Institution were held last week. The weather was exceedingly pleasant and everything passed off in a most agreeable manner.

The examination of the classes occupied the greater portion of Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. We learn the patrons of the Institution were highly pleased with the examination, and though we could not be present much of the time, we noticed the promptness of the answers to the questions of the professors.

Wednesday night we were privileged to hear a most delightful concert; the music was, much of it, of that enrapturing kind so soul-stirring in a full orchestra connected with some magnificent opera.

Thursday night was devoted to the graduating exercises. They opened with the annual address by Rev. Wm. Sterling. The address had been well prepared, and was an able, entertaining and instructive effort, discoursing of the false and correct notions of female education; the physical as well as mental training, &c.

Thirteen of the young ladies received the diplomas of the Institution, nine of the thirteen receiving beautiful gold medals for especial proficiency and strict attention to duties. We append the names of the graduates with the subjects of their compositions.

Fame wreaths for its Victors Garlands of unfading Laurels, Miss *A. E. Davis*, Chapel Hill.

Goodness is Beauty in its best estate, Miss *Kate C. Luckey*, Rowan.

Mirth and Music, Miss *C. Florence Burnett*, Tawboro'.

A School-Girl's Thoughts, Miss *Joanna Gretter*, Greensborough.

There are Storms on Life's bright Waters, Miss *M. Lizzie Faust*, Guilford.

Men are not what they Seem, Miss *Dell. L. Worth*, Asheboro'.

Flowers are the Alphabet of Angels, Miss *Bettie E. Daniel*, Alabama.

What are our Hopes? Miss *Mary L. Biggs*, Martin.

We know the World is Dark and Rough, Miss *Susan E. Wooding*, Virginia.

The Strength and Omnipresence of Hope, Miss *Fannie E. Sloan*, Greensborough.

Sketch of our School-days—their Sunshine and Shade, Miss *Bettie Moore*, Martin.

The Diamond, Miss *Mary E. Sloan*, Greensborough.

I've been Thinking, Miss *Susan M. Warren*, Texas.

Compositions were read by the nine young ladies receiving medals, and they acquitted themselves with much credit. President Sterling presented the diplomas accompanied with a copy of the Bible, but from the lateness of the hour was prevented from delivering the baccalaureate address he had prepared for the occasion. His words of parting, however, though few, were very appropriate and affecting. Thus passed off another interesting annual festival at Edgeworth.

But before parting we will take a survey of the paintings so profusely hung all over the Hall, and from the list on the catalogue (413,) scarcely half could find a place to hang. The professor of painting is undoubtedly very laborious in his department, and the paintings make a beautiful showing.

The physical appearance of the young ladies also merits a passing remark; and we fully agree with the sentiments in the annual address in reference to the importance of exercise and health, and would judge from the appearance of the young ladies that this branch of their education was strictly attended to.

HINTS TOWARDS PHYSICAL PERFECTION; or, *The Philosophy of Human Beauty* Showing how to Acquire and Retain Bodily Symmetry, Health, and Vigor; secure Long Life, and avoid the Infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. Jacques. New York: Fowler & Wells, publishers, 308 Broadway. Price $1.00.

This is a work which, if we mistake not, is destined to command almost universal attention, and awaken everywhere a deeper interest in the physical improvement of the race than has yet been manifested; as it shows how certain and easy this improvement is made by the use of the perfectly legitimate means therein pointed out. Its revelations of the laws of human configuration, on which symmetry and beauty depend, are not less interesting and important than they are novel and surprising; showing, as they do, that the form and features of even the mature man or woman (and much more those of the child) may be modified at will, and to an almost unlimited extent—that we have the power to change, gradually but surely, the shape and arrangement of bone, fiber, and fluid, thus growing, day by day, more beautiful or more ugly, according to the direction given to the vital forces.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Stranger and Julia May.

A BALLAD.

BY WANDERER.

Full twenty years have come and gone
Since that fair autumn day,
A stranger, roving "Forest Dale,"
First met with Julia May,
Bright-eyed Julia May!

Unseen he followed in her path,
Through each lone tangled way,
Watching with jealous eyes the flow'rs
Kissing the brow of May,
Brow of Julia May!

The sweetest songster of the wood
Attuned its welcome lay,
And the tall forest monarchs bow'd
To queenly Julia May,
Charming Julia May!

The moss-clad roots of an Elm tree
Had made a rustic quay,
Beside a laughing little rill
That wandered by the way,
Deck'd with gems of spray!

"Oh, what a lovely spot is this,
From earth's turmoil away;
I'll recline on this forest lounge,
And spend the close of day!"
Said fair Julia May.

Approaching near, a bud he threw,
Which fell upon the quay,
And told as plain as words could tell
To frightened Julia May,
Startled Julia May—

That an intruder was hovering,
On that fair autumn day,
Near the secluded woodland brook,
Where sat sweet blooming May,
Pretty Julia May!

Gently the *Stranger* nearer came,
And standing at her feet,
He uttered in accents thrilling,
The words that *friends* repeat
When alone they meet!

They met as strangers in the grove,
Just at the close of day,
But parted, *fond friends*—the stranger
And lovely Julia May,
Dark haired Julia May!

Time sped on and the seasons fled
On their appointed way,
Until Winter, Spring and Summer
Had swiftly passed away,
On time's wings away.

Then once again the autumn came,
Robed in golden array,
Like the bride to meet her husband
Upon the wedding day,
When cares fly away.

The winds were sleeping among th' hills,
And zephyrs were at play,
When once again the stranger stood
Upon the rustic quay,
The same old elm quay.

The rill laughed gaily as of yore,
As it sped on its way,
Dancing in the genial sunlight,
Flecking the shores with spray,
White feathery spray.

From the forest leafy arches
Appeared, in white array,
The fairest of the village maids,
Innocent Julia May,
Rose-crowned Julia May.

Beneath the arches of the west,
The sun pursued his way,
As in sacred ties were plighted
The stranger and his May,
Darling Julia May!

December's first morning had dawned,
And snow-flakes were at play,
When the stranger was united
To charming Julia May,
Handsome Julia May!

The country gentry round about
In sorrow hailed the day.
When the lone stranger claimed as his
The gentle Julia May,
Loving Julia May.

Thus by a *rose-bud* was made known
To dreaming Julia May,
The stranger as she, decked with flow'rs,
Reclined upon the quay,
Rustic wild-wood quay.

Still stands the lofty old elm tree,
As on that autumn day,
When the stranger met with charming,
Hazel eyed Julia May,
His bride Julia May.

But no more at autumn's coming,
On the moss-cushioned quay,
Shall sit the stranger and his wife,
The lost one, Julia May!
Angel Julia May!

On a quiet Sabbath evening
Departed Julia May,
Attended by an angel guard,
To blissful realms of day,
In the skies away!

NUT PIES.—These are made by putting together grated or mashed nuts, and well-beaten eggs, and milk, spiced and seasoned to taste.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

A Song for May.

BY CORA MAY.

A song, a song for beautiful May,
For she floateth over the hills to-day,
With her scarf of mist and robe of light,
Woven of sunbeams fair and bright;
With dainty violet slippered feet,
Tripping thro' valleys low and sweet,
Flitting through forests wild and deep
Where dark and gloomy shadows sleep,
Peering into each dell and nook,
Bending over each singing brook;
The dark old forest grows green and gay,
And the dismal shadows flit away;
The fairest wild flowers, pale and sweet,
Follow the tread of her dainty feet!

A song, a song for beautiful May,
For she cometh over the hills to-day,
With her scarf of mist and voice of song,
Singing gaily the whole day long.
A deeper blue is the glowing sky,
A softer breeze goes whisp'ring by,
And the song birds' notes are far more gay,
As they welcome in our beautiful May.
The fleecy clouds have now unrolled
Glowing banners of crimson and gold,
And set them up in the arching sky,
For beautiful May is passing by,
And the proud old sun goes down to meet
Beautiful May with his burning feet.

A song, a song for beautiful May,
As she flitteth over the hills to-day;
Eyes grow bright that were dim with tears,
Hearts grow light that were full of fears,
And where were lives of care and pain,
Health and joy are coming again,
As they list the sound of her dainty feet
Tripping thro' valleys low and sweet.
Welcome May! sings the laughing rills,
Welcome! echoes the far off hills,
Welcome! murmurs the forest trees,
Welcome! whispers the sighing breeze—
Welcome! welcome! beautiful May!
Is the song all Nature sings to-day!

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

UMBRA, May, 14th, 1859.

DEAR TIMES:—Yesterday being a fine day, Florence and I took our accustomed seat and resumed the reading of the manuscript:

LIFE'S CHANGES.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOSOM SERPENTS.

Jealousy is cruel as the grave.
[*Solomon's Song.*

How like a mountain devil, in the heart
Rules this unreigned Ambition!—*Willis.*

Zillah rode rapidly through the forest, rejoicing at her escape from Castle Crag, but when she reached the ford of Deadman's Creek, she found it impassable, swollen and troubled with the violent rain.—She therefore was compelled to proceed some five or six miles down-stream, to the bridge, and, by this delay, it was early dawn when she reached Sutherland Hall. Corinne, Claire's little maid, met her at the door.

"Oh! Miss Zillah, don't go in there!" she cried, her great round eyes opened to their widest extent. "Ole Marse, he's jest mad as a hornet in bumble-bee time, and Missus and Miss Claire and Miss Ella has been crying, and Simon and Jeff, has been out all night, arter you. You mus'nt go in dar, Miss, no how!"

"Fiddlesticks!" was Zillah's comment, and she walked into the dining-room, seating herself at the table from whence the others had not yet arisen. As she had anticipated, there was a "sensation."

"Where the devil have you been!" broke out the irasible old man.

"Ahem! You need'nt wake up the Seven Sleepers;" replied Zillah. "As for the *gentleman in black*, I never have any dealings with his Satanic Majesty."

"*Where have you been*, you—you Jezebel!"

"Now, father, tis'nt worth while to go into an histerical fit. I've just been having a little freedom. Sakes alive! You don't s'pose *I'm* going to run to seed up here in the mountains, just for lack of something to do, do you? I won't stand it, so there! I verily believe, that if the angel Gabriel was to come down from Paradise this blessed moment, and sound the last trump, we would'nt hear it in time to be in at the death; upon my word, I do!"

"Zillah!" said her step mother, as sternly as it was in her nature to speak.

"Fact, mamma! You need'nt look so horrified. I can't stand it much longer, I tell you! You'd better hurry up the wedding, or I'll do something desperate, I'm afraid. I'll run away and be a seacaptain, I'll raise a miniature tornado, I'll find out who struck Billy Patterson, I'll kill your speckled hen, I'll set the river on fire and run off by the light of it, I'll—I'll—" she stopped, out of breath.

"*Where have you been, I say!*" shouted Mr. Sutherland.

Zillah related her adventure with Saint Leger, in Castle Crag, to which her father listened with blanched cheek and trembling lip. There was that upon his features which she had never seen before.

"What sort of a man is this—this—Saint Leger?" he asked, controlling his voice by a visible effort, though his face was still pale with emotion.

"Well, it seems to me he *would* be very handsome, if it wasn't for a something that rests upon his features, like an evil shade. He is tall, with an enormously fine form, very dark complexion, coal black hair, and light, glittering grey eyes. Indeed, I could not help thinking, all the while I was looking at him, that he very much resembled *me*;—except that I'm the handsomest, of course."

Here Zillah paused, staring in amazement at her father. His face was deadly pale, and his cold grey eyes flashed angrily, as he ordered her to "leave the table."

She did so, wondering at this unusual display of tyranny, and as she sauntered leisurely out of the dining-room, she caught the words, muttered between his clenched teeth, "Like her mother! Too much of that cursed gipsy blood, there!"

Claire rose and followed her sister; Mr. Sutherland growled awhile over his coffee, and then left the table; his wife followed him, and Marcella strayed out upon the piazza, communing with her own thoughts. Possessing a high, proud spirit and a gifted mind, Marcella Cardoza would have been one of earths noblest, but for two faults that lay, unknown, and unsuspected, deep in her own heart. The greater of these faults, which so marred the otherwise perfect proportions of her gifted soul, was ambition.

This, too, was Zillah's besetting sin, and in both it had remained, hitherto, dormant, unperceived by themselves or by others.—But the character of that ambition, was widely different in the two. In Marcella, it was tinged with avarice. Wealth—riches—power, these she had craved, dreamily, and without any settled plan for obtaining them; but in all her wild day-dreams of power and magnificence, she had always blendid wealth and power together. This was owing partially to her early training; for her mother had often represented to her how desirable it was for her to obtain the forgiveness of her *wealthy* uncle, whose favor she herself had forfeited by marrying Ella's father, an Italian music-teacher. In Zillah's ambitious reveries, on the contrary, *riches* never mingled. She desired, passionately, naturally, and therefore unconsciously, *Fame*, and the power that accompanies it. Often, in her solitary rides, and rambles, would she imagine herself the heroine of thrilling romances, in which her talents had gained for her a name, at whose sound the proud and gifted of earth uncovered their heads. Not that she ever *dreamed* of realizing these wild visions, for as yet her latent powers were undeveloped, but she revelled in them with just as keen a pleasure.

Thus, these two girls cherished unconsciously, the serpents who were to destroy all their happiness in future life; the one ambitious for wealth, the other for fame. Marcella, however, was quite as unconscious as Zillah, of her extreme desire for wealth and power, until it was developed suddenly, through the agency of that other fault, not so strong as her ruling passion, but far more hateful—namely, jealousy.

The prospect of Claire's becoming a countess, rich, admired, and flattered, while she became merely the wife of a poor lawyer, aroused the demons who had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, in full force, and before she was aware of it, she felt herself repining at her lot. Startled, at first she vainly endeavored to still her regrets, as unworthy herself, and injurious to Philip Leslie; whom she loved with all the passion of an Italian. In vain.

Neither love nor reason could appease two such giant monsters, as jealousy and ambition, and she could not help feeling a thrill of pride and ambitious hope, when she discovered how deeply Lord Hartledon was struck with her dark and blooming beauty. He, on his part, was carried away by his frenzied admiration for the lovely brunette, and as she slightly encouraged his mute attentions, he finally declared for her his passion—it could not be love.

She hesitated—love, honor, truth, friendship, all counselling her instant flight from temptation; but these were "weighed in the balance and found wanting," when untold wealth and an Earl's coronet weighed down the opposite scale. Hartledon wished to elope with her, and take her to England with him, for neither of them had courage to face those whom they had so deeply injured; and this morning was to decide the triumph of Love or Ambition.

While she sat, buried in painful thought, a low voice startled her, and looking up she beheld the object of her bitter reverie. Lord Hartledon was scarcely twenty five years of age and eminently handsome—His hair was of a rich, golden-brown, clustering around a fine brow of marble whiteness, and well arched eye-brows, shaded eyes rather deep set, but of a full, dark blue, fringed with long black lashes, that made them appear much darker than they really were. His face was flushed and eager, as he bent over her and said:

"Decide now, Ella, and forever. I cannot brook delay."

A spasm shook her slender frame, and the ebon tresses shaded her face, ere she made reply. The thought of Philip—of Claire—of all she owed her uncle—of her own passionate love, crushed ambition for the moment, and she raised her head to say "No!" but a look decided her future fate.

Lord Hartledon was regarding her with a look out of his blue eyes that had always fascinated her like the gaze of a serpent; her voice faltered, as she met that magnetizing glance, and simultaneously came the thoughts, "How much pleasanter it would be to be a wealthy countess than a poor dependant on the bounty of my capricious uncle!"

She rose and said, firmly, but with white lips: "I will go with you, when you will."

"Then let it be to-morrow!" said the treacherous lover.

"As you will;" she replied, and turning, she fled to her own room, double-locked the door, and sinking upon her knees by the bedside, she gave way to a wild burst of remorseful agony.

And those were not the last tears Marcella was to shed over her buried love—not by many.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PORTRAIT.

A form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And ebon waves of gemmed and braided hair,
And shape of airy lightness.—*Byron.*

"Claire," said Zillah, as they walked that morning in the garden; "Claire, who was our mother?"

"I do not know;" replied Claire, raising her large blue eyes half wonderingly to Zillah's face.

"Strange!" mused Zillah, as if to herself.

"What is strange?"

"That we never hear our mother's name, that we know nothing of her history—not even her maiden name. And we are never allowed to remove the veil from her portrait. Who was she, and why this mystery? Does mamma know?"

"No," replied Claire. "I asked her myself. All she knew was that you were called by her name—Zillah; that she died three days after our birth; and that there was a son, much older than us, who from some unknown cause ran off to sea, and has not since been heard of. Mamma says she supposes the reason why father never speaks of her is that he loved her so much that even now he cannot bear to hear her name. I think that must be the reason; don't you, Zillah?"

A dry, quiet little smile, flickered over Zillah's lips, as she thought of her iron-like father so very much afflicted by his *deep love* for any one,—he, who was scarcely to be persuaded to give a shelter to his favourite sister's orphan child, until the world raised its voice against him! No, the cause lay deeper than that, but one glance into Claire's pure, truthful face, banished the sarcastic words which rose to her lips, and she merely replied,

"Yes, I s'pose so," and went back into the house.

It was the first time Zillah had ever thought seriously about anything. She pondered and wondered, but the more she thought about it, the more mystified she grew, until she became angry with herself for thinking about it so much. This, however, didn't mend the matter in the least. Finally she determined to break her father's strictest command and take a peep at her mother's portrait.

She accordingly entered the large, dark parlor, and closed and locked the door.—She then opened the window, and with eager but trembling hand, drew the curtain that shaded her mother's portrait.—At the first view of that face curiosity changed to tender reverence; she stood absorbed in reverie.

A simple robe of white muslin draped the delicate form, which was fragile to painfulness; black, satiny braids of shining hair swept smoothly back from a calm brow, like Zillah's, but almost too massive for the rest of the delicate features. Eyes large, almond-shaped, liquidly black, lit up the pale, spirituelle face, with unnatural radiance, but there was no vestige of color save one fevered spot in the pallid cheeks. Her expression was one of touching sadness and resignation, as if she were oppressed with sorrow.

Zillah gazed breathlessly upon that heavenly face, and for the first time in her life emotion brought tears to her eyes.—And what was surprising, even to herself, she did not chide herself for the bright drops that glittered on her black lashes, but a feeling of sweet sadness arose in her heart. There was at least *something* which could subdue her scornful nature.

Next arose the feeling, what made her mother so sad? *Who was she?* Why was her name never spoken to her children? These questions constantly recurred and vexed Zillah's mind. Of one thing she was assured: if evil were committed (and the thoughts of evil *would* present itself to her mind,) her mother was the injured, not the injurer. The bearer of that heavenly face would do no one a wrong.

Then the thoughts of the runaway son—*her brother*—startled her again. Where was *he*, her only brother, the only son of the mother she had never seen? Was he with the living, or the dead? If the former, a wild hope shot through her bosom that she might yet know and love him.—He *must* be worthy of her affection, she thought. The son of *that mother* could not be bad.

Almost before she knew it she thought of Saint Leger. She remembered his emotion at the mention of her name; his enquiry for Claire; the strange respect which *he*, the vile outlaw, had shown to her; finally, the agitation of her father when she related her adventure; his muttered words, and unusual anger. And then the thought of the mystery connected with her mother and her unknown brother.

Again arose the enquiries: "Who was my mother? Where is my brother?—Who is Saint Leger?" She thus reasoned with herself, looking upon her mother's portrait. "My mother's history I cannot find out; therefore it is useless to try.—My brother I have no reason to believe dead; on the contrary, I am sure he is living. Saint Leger certainly manifested a very unusual interest in, and respect for me. I have heard enough of him to know he would'nt have done so unless there had been some tie between us which he knew and I did'nt. My father certainly manifested an unusual degree of agitation when I spoke of Saint Leger. I know enough of *him* to suppose it must have been something extraordinary which could so move him. Therefore, there must be some connexion between my father and Saint Leger which they know and *I* suspect! Saint Leger is a gipsy. My father said I 'had too much gipsy blood.' That my mother was a gipsy I have every reason to believe. Well, Saint Leger is like my mother; *I* resemble Saint Leger; he is uncommon kind to me, and we're both gipsies. Therefore, I think that *Saint Leger is my absent brother.*

Startling as was this conclusion, it was inevitable. The more she thought the stronger grew her belief, and she arrived at another conclusion quite as rapidly. If Saint Leger was her brother he must know her mother's history—that history which she was so anxious to learn. She determined to make another trip to Castle Crag, make known to him her suspicions, and ask of him her mother's story.

She had just reached this sage conclution, gazing upon her mother's portrait, when some one tried the lock, and immediately after she heard her father's voice.

"Zillah! What are you doing shut up here? Open the door!"

Zillah dropped the curtain like lightning, replying, petulantly:

"Oh! don't come pestering *me!* I was in hopes I was rid of you all. I'm reading, and I shan't open the door, so there!"

She heard her father's heavy steps as he walked away.

I trust, Mr. Times, that you and your readers have not yet wearied of Floy's story, and with this hope I will resume it next week.

Yours respectfully,
JULIA SOUTHALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Pilgrim Host.

BY CHAS. R. W. DOBBS.

There is a host that travels fast
Over Time's rolling stream;
Like millions of the misty Past,
Who o'er the road dark shadows cast,
They march 'mid armor's gleam!

And in this host is many a friend,
Who journeys on in glee,
That to the soul true joy sends—
That lights the road till conflict ends—
And we have crossed life's sea!

Among this host are manly forms,
Bowed down by sorrow dread,
O'er whose heads have raged life's storms,
And whose sad hearts no joy warms—
And bitter tears have shed!

Earth's heroes, too, are numbered here,
Who—with high noble aim,
Unknown to whom are thoughts of fear,
Who bravely sell their life-blood dear—
Resolve to win a name!

The leader of this host is Fate,
And, with fleeting breath,
Thro' blooming fields and desolate,
He guides them to the Passage Gate—
The dreaded Gate of Death!

The Pilgrim Host o'er all the world
Its banners proudly wave;
O'er every home its flag's unfurled,
And in its course each soul is hurled—
Its stopping place the Grave!

CIRCULAR.

The undersigned, on behalf of the citizens of Newbern, cordially tender its hospitalites to the members and friends of the North Carolina Educational Association, at its next annual meeting, to be held in our city on the 14th of June.

And that we may be enabled to prepare properly for the comfort of each person in attendance we desire all who expect to be present to send us their names and address without delay. Please enclose to us, as soon as possible, a card with the names and residences upon it, of all such persons male and female, as you know intend to be present at the meeting alluded to.—The cars, for this place, leave Goldsboro' at half past 3 o'clock, P. M., and arrive here at 25 minutes past 6 o'clock, P. M.

E. R. STANLY,
C. C. CLARK,
J. L. PENNINGTON, } *Com.*

Newbern, May, 1859.

STRAWBERY JAM.—Three pounds of sugar, two quarts of fruit bruised and boiled for ten minutes. All jams must be stirred briskly while doing, or they may get scorched.

Singular Accident at Wheeling.

The Wheeling Times of the 17th, relates the following as occuring in that city:

Some time ago a bell cast in Pittsburg was placed upon the steeple of the Catholic Cathedral in this city, which was found to be worthless, and a few days ago it was taken down to be replaced by a new bell cast in Cincinnati. Yesterday morning the new bell arrived on the steamer Liberty, and was hauled up to the Cathedral on the Fifth street, where measures were immediately taken to hoist it to the position it was intended to occupy in the steeple. For this purpose a machine, such as is generally used by builders for hoisting material, was placed on Fifth street, about ten feet from the curb, and a heavy piece of timber was projected from the steeple at a height of about 125 feet from the ground, and 20 feet above where the bell was to enter the steeple by an open window. An inch and a half rope was bent into the bell, and through a double block at the top or projecting timber, and single block at the bottom to the hoisting machine. The process of hoisting was then commenced, and had progressed successfully till the bell was about 100 feet from the ground, and within six inches of going in at the aperture intended for it, when the rope slipped on the drum of the hoisting machine, causing a jar which broke the wheels of the machine, and let the bell fall to the ground. Thomas Newman, who had hold of the end of the rope attached to the machine, guiding the coils properly into the drum, was instantaneously jerked into the air, and up 125 feet to the projecting piece which supported the upper block, whence he slid down to the window and was taken in.

How, in the name of all that is wonderful, Newman ever lived to tell the tale of his sudden elevation, is beyond conjecture. The bell weighs 3,788 pounds, and when its supports gave way came to the ground with a fearful rapidity, yet Newman was taken up at three times the speed with which the bell came down, and was taken off the ground so suddenly that he had no time to let go his hold of the rope, which carried him up to the block at the top by the time the bell was one-third of the way to the ground, and while the bell was falling the other two thirds of the way, his hands were jammed against the block at the top, and the rope running through them at a rate which their horrible condition fully attests. When the bell reached the pavement, Newman slid down till he came opposite the window, where he called for some one "for God's sake to take him in." At the window were Bishop Wheelan and two other gentlemen. The bishop, with a presence of mind almost unparalleled, stepped upon the window sill, and reaching out caught the unfortunate man by the waist and drew him in. Had the bishop caught the rope, which he could have done with perfect safety to himself, the man would have most probably let go and fell 100 feet to the ground below.

When Newman was rescued from his perilous position, it was found that all the inside of both his hands had been burnt out to the bone, and the rope had made a slight scratch on his head. That this man, who was jerked to this immense height in the air with the velocity of lighting, should escape with his life seems little less than a miracle. He was taken to the office of Dr. Hupp, who attended to his wounds, and in an hour he was able to walk away.

The large wheel of the machine evidently broke first, and pieces were scattered in all directions with the force of cannon balls. One piece struck Mr. Smith, the engineer of the Old Dominion Workhouse, on the chin, inflicting a terrible gash, which was dressed by Dr. Todd. One large piece of the wheel was driven into the side of the church to the depth of three inches; another was driven through an inch pine board fence and buried in the wall of an ice house fifty yards from the scene; another piece was driven against Mr. A. P. Wood's residence with such violence as to imbed it deeply in a brick wall; while pieces were found as much as two squares from the Cathedral. Taking in view the crowd that was present and the number and danger of flying missiles, it is scarcely less than a special dispensation of Providence that a less number were not killed or injured.

In the afternoon new machinery was rigged, and the bell safely placed in its position about five o'clock.

DR. LARDNER DEAD:—Humboldt has scarcely reached his grave—science has not returned from his funeral, when another citizen of the world is called from his studies here to pursue them elsewhere. Dr. Dionysius Lardner, as we learn by the Canada, is dead. The deceased was born at Wexford, Ireland, in 1800, and graduated at Trinity College. Dr. Lardner has contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day, one of his latest works being a paper on the efficacy of deadly instruments of war which owe their improvement to chemical science.

Well directed energy rarely fails to reap its reward.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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DEATH BY EATING FRICTION MATCHES.—The Rev. J. W. Puett states that Ella, daughter of Mr. Allen Ross, died in Stanly county, N. C., on Friday, May 6th, 1859, aged 5 years. Her death was caused by eating friction matches, and her little brothers, John and William, one three and the other one year old, are dangerously ill from the same cause. This is published as a warning to those who may not know that friction matches contain a virulent poison.

GAS LIGHT:—We hear it spoken of on the street that some of our citizens a few days since in a few hours' time secured stock enough to erect Gas Works for our town. We are not informed as to the time of working. We presume the plan will be something similar to the following from the Fayetteville Observer:

Messrs. Waterhouse and Bowes, who have so successfully and satisfactorily erected Gas Works in Raleigh, Salisbury and Charlotte, called upon us a few days ago in relation to a proposed similar enterprise in this town. They will submit their proposition to the citizens, and apply for subscriptions to a stock company. One part of their plan is to take several thousands of dollars of stock themselves, to lease the works for five years at annual rent of 12 per cent. on the capital, and to leave their own stock in the possession of the company as security for payment of the rent and return of the works in good order at the end of the five years.

It will be seen that the subject was before the Mayor and Commissioners at their monthly meeting on Saturday last.

CAROLINA FEMALE COLLEGE.—We regret to learn, from the Wadesboro Argus, that the exercises of Carolina Female College are to be discontinued after the 20th June. A note from the President, Rev. T. R. Walsh, thus explains the cause:

"The simple truth is just this: the number of students in the collegiate classes is quite small; the college is in debt, and unless help can be obtained no one can tell when the doors will again be opened for the reception of students. In view of the foregoing facts, all the members of the faculty, and the private officials of the institution, have resigned, and will be released at the close of the session.

Our Government has been officially informed of the neutral attitude assumed by England and Prussia in the war, and a diplomatic circular will be issued declaring our position to be one disconnected from all complication with the belligerents. So says the washington correspondent of the New York Tribune.

NO HOPE FOR PRINTERS:—When Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law first discovered that the young man had a hankering for her daughter, that good old lady said she did not know so well about giving her danghter to a printer; there was already two printing offices in the United States, and she wasn't certain if the country would support them. It was plain young F. would depend for his support upon the profits of a third, and this were rather a doubtful chance.

If such an objection was urged to a would-be son-in law when there were but two printing offices in the United States, how can a printer hope to get a wife now, when the present census shows the number to be 15,067.

A strap is sometimes a very good thing to sharpen razors and dull boys.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The vote between the Democratic and Whig candidates for Governor is exceedingly close. Wise was elected in 1855 by 10,000 majority. In the present contest the latest report we have is a telegram to the Wilmington Journal, dated Richmond, May 30th:

Returns from 112 counties, received up to last night, gives Letcher 414 majority. There are 36 counties to hear from, which gave Wise 1,200 majority. Further scattering returns show considerable gains for Goggin.

The Journal says: "It will be seen from our telegraphic advices that the contest is very close, and that if Letcher is elected at all, it is by a very small majority. We take it as probable that Letcher is elected. The fact is that the Democratic vote has not been brought out, owing to causes to which we referred sometime ago."

We beleive the Journal also reports a Whig gain in Congress.

DAILY PAPERS.—Until very recently our State had only two daily papers—both in Wilmington, the Herald and the Journal. Last Fall the Daily Progress was started in Newbern; this Spring the Daily Delta, also in Newbern; the Carolinian in Fayetteville, and the Bulletin in Charlotte. If they pay the publishers, the respective communities will find them exceedingly convenient. It is a little strange that in the fast multiplication of Dailies, the metropolis should not also have its Daily. Will they pay?

FATAL DUEL NEAR MOBILE:—A duel was fought in the vicinity of Mobile on Tuesday, at the old race track, between M. G. Vick, of Vicksburg, Miss., and Jas. H. Stith. Young Vick was a son of Col. Heney Vick, of Mississippi.—His antagonist, James Stith, was a son of Commodore Stith, of Vicksburg.—The wepons used were rifles—distance forty paces. Vick was the challenging party. Of the duel, a correspondent of the Picayune writes:

All preliminaries being arranged, and the weapons placed in the hands of the belligerents, the usual command was given. Each gentleman answered, audibly, "ready." At the word "fire," Mr. Vick brought his weapon down and discharged it. At "one," Mr. Stith fired, and his antagonist fell instantaneously dead! The ball took effect immediately under the left cheek, and ranging upward, passed into the brain, where it lodged. The unfortunate victim fell, stiffened himself out, and was dead before his seconds reached him. What a change! A robust, manly form, vigorous and healthy!—a second and it lies a bleeding corpse! "There's honor for you."

It is reported that Mr. Vick was to have led to the Hymenial Altar, on the 10th of June, now near at hand, a most estimable and highly accomplished young lady of Canton, Miss. It must indeed be a heavy and crushing blow to the heart of her who fondly anticipated to be his bride so soon. Alas, for the uncertainty of life, and the early blasting of all its joys!

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Mr. Norton, of Columbus, Ohio, formerly of Warrenton, Va., has accepted the call recently made by the vestry of St. Paul's Church, in Alexandria, Va., and will soon assume the duties, of rector of that church.

NAVAL MOVEMENT:—It is stated that the President has directed the home squadron to be reinforced. The Preble, which has just arrived at Norfolk from Paraguay, has been ordered to the Gulf, thus increasing the squadron to nine vessels. Alarm at Walker's movement occasions this proceeding.

The Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office is in receipt of intelligence announcing the shipment of nine cases of tea seed from Hong Kong. These seed will arrive towards the close of this month, and the Bureau will then have enough seed to produce 100,000 tea plants.

DAMAGES FOR SLANDER:—Jas. Perry, at Carteret Superior Court last week, recovered $500 from Malachi Bell, for slanderous words uttered by Bell's wife against Perry's wife.

LARGE FORTUNE:—Baron Goldsmith died in England lately, leaving a fortune estimated at $15,000,000.

Terrible News from the Plains.

We give another dispatch this morning detailing the terrible sufferings of the Pike's Peak emigrants. Truly it is a sad picture of the starvation to which some of them have been reduced. It appears that in one case a party had devoured the bodies of their comrades, and that cannibalism was resorted to save the hungry from perishing. In addition to our dispatch we add the following extract from a letter dated St. Joseph, Mo., May 5:

The steamers Iatan and William Campbell arrived to-day from Omaha, with over a hundred discontented Pike's Peak emigrants. They bring deplorable accounts of mining prospects, and report terrible suffering and privation on the plains. It is estimated that twenty thousand men have their backs turned upon the mines, between here and Fort Kearney, who will reach the Missouri river towns within a fortnight. Most of them are destitute of money and the necessaries of life, and are made reckless and desperate by reason of their desolate condition. Threats are made of burning Omaha, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, and other river towns, on their arrival, and at Plattsmouth fears of their carrying their threats into execution are current, and some of the residents have closed their business and fled the place. Two thousand men are reported at Plum Creek, fifty miles west of Omaha, in a starving condition, and considerable excitement exists all along the river from here to Omaha. This is, without doubt, the advance detachment of the immense returning throng which has crowded the Missouri river towns the last two months on their western weary way, and before the expiration of a week we shall be overrun with returning emigrants. In this city there is no fear of violence, but some of the upper smaller towns may suffer injury at the hands of the destitute and hungry men.

At Fort Kearney, May 8th, the correspondent of the St. Joseph Journal says that not less than 900 wagons belonging to returning Pike's Peakers passed the Fort during the week previous. The disappointed gold-seekers are selling their outfits for almost a song. They sell their flour at from $3 to $5; bacon at 10 cents horses and cattle they are selling for almost nothing, and wagons and handcarts they give away. There are some returning who have not a cent to take them back, while those who have anything are hurrying back as fast as they can to keep from being robbed by the rest.

THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT:—We learn from a Washington despatch of the 24th inst., that a thorough reconnoisance of all the mail routes is being made, with a view to the curtailment of expenses at every point where it is practicable, without serious detriment to the public. While in many cases the service has been altogether discontinued, in others the number of trips has been reduced from daily to tri weekly, &c. Acting on this principle, the Post office Department has, within the last two months, affected an annual saving of about a million and a half of dollars, exclusive of five hundred thousand economized by the refusal of the Postmaster General to put into operation the nearly seven hundred routes created in 1858, but for the support of which no appropriation has been made. The work of curtailment is still progressing, it is said, but it is not thought probable that the service will be curtailed on any of the railroad lines.

THE HUMOR IN POLITICAL CIRCLES:—The subjoined is a sample from Mississippi:

The Governor's private secretary is a wag. The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the Executive Chamber and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *water cure.*" A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vamosed.

SANTA ANNA:—By late advices from Mexico we learn that the cabinet of Miramon have issued a decree restoring Santa Anna to all the rights, titles, &c., formerly possessed by him, and inviting him to return immediately by way of Tampico, where Gen. Woll is marching to meet him.

FIRE AT KEY WEST:—The steamer Isabel, with dates from Key West to 25th May, brings news of a very destructive fire. Eighteen acres of the business portion of the city have been laid waste, destroying seventy one stores; forty out-houses, valued at $250,000, on which there is an insurance of only one-third. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

A number of ripe watermelons were shipped from Charleston, S. C., last week, for New York.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 7.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	14.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	18.00	30.00
Half column	20.00	30.00	50.00
One column	34.00	50.00	70.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

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ACTING PLAYS—12½ CENTS each. Most of the Acting Plays that are performed at the different theatres throughout the United States are printed in pamphlet form, and are for sale at our office.

Plays sent by mail and postage paid, on receipt of 12½ cents each in money or stamps. Ten plays sent by express for one dollar.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

A new play published every week.

An Alphabetical List of 1000 Plays sent by mail on receipt of a postage stamp.

The following is a list of the latest that are issued:—

Ion	Mind Your Own Business
Fazio	Writing on the Wall
Lady of Lyons	Heir at Law
Richelieu	Soldier's Daughter
The Wife	Douglas
The Honeymoon	Marco Spada
School for Scandal	Nature's Nobleman
Money	Sardanapalus
The Stranger	Civilization
Grandfather Whitehead	The Robbers
Richard III	Katherine and Petruchio
Love's Sacrifice	Game of Love
The Gamester	Midsummer Night's Dream
Cure for the heartache	Ernestine
The Hunchback	Rag Picker of Paris
Don Cæsar de Bazan	Flying Dutchman
Poor Gentleman	Typocrite
Hamlet	Therese
Charles II	La Tour de Nesle
Venice Preserved	Ireland as it is
Pizarro	Sea of Ice
The Love Chase	Seven Clerks
Othello	Game of Life
Lend me 5 Shillings	Forty Thieves
Virginius	Brian Borobhme
King of the Commons	Romance & Reality
London Assurance	Ugolino
The Rent Day	The Tempest
To Gentlemen of Verona	The Pilot
The Jealous Wife	Carpenter of Rouen
The Rivals	King's Rival
Perfection	Little Treasure
New Way to pay Old Debts	Bombey & Son
Look before You Leap	Parents & Guardians
King John	Jewess
Nervous Man	Camille
Damon and Pythias	Married Life
Chande-tine Marriage	Wenlock of Wenlock
William Tell	Rose of Ettrickvale
Day after the Wedding	David Copperfield
Speed the Plough	Aline
Romeo and Juliet	Pauline
Feudal Times	Jane Eyre
Charles XII	Night and Morning
The Bridal	Ethiop
Follies of a Night	Three Guardsmen
The Iron Chest	Tom Cringle
Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady	Henriette the Forsaken
Road to Ruin	Eustache Baudin
Macbeth	Evest Maltravers
Temper	Bold Dragoons
Evaline	Dred
Bertram	Last Days of Pompeii
The Duenna	Esmerlda
Much Ado about Nothing	Peter Wilkins
The Critic	Ben the Boatswain
The Apostate	Jonathan Bradford
Twelfth Night	Retribution
Brutus	Minerali
Simpson & Co	French Spy
Merchant of Venice	Wept of the Wishton Wish
Old Heads & Young Hearts	Evil Genius
Mountaineers	Ben Bolt
Three weeks after Marriage	Sailor of France
Love	Red Mask
As You Like it	Life of an Actress
The Elder Brother	Wedding Day
Werner	All's Fair in Love
Gisippus	Hofer
Town and Country	Self
King Lear	Cinderella
Blue Devils	Phantom
Henry VIII	Franklin
Married and Single	Gunmaker of Moscow
Henry IV	Love of a Prince
Paul Pry	Son of the Night
Guy Mannering	Rory O'More
Sweethearts & Wives	Golden Eagle
Serious Family	Rienzi
She Stoops to Conquer	Broken Sword
Julius Cæsar	Rip Van Winkle
Vicar of Wakefield	Isabelle
Leap Year	Heat of Midlothian
The Catspaw	Actress of Padua
The Passing Cloud	Floating Beacon
Drunkard	Bride of Lammermoor
Rob Roy	Catarnet of Ganges
George Barnwell	Robber of the Rhine
Ingomar	School of Reform
Sketches in India	Vansleving Boys
Two Friends	Mazeppa
Jane Shore	Young New York
Corsican Brothers	Victims
Brigand	Romance after Marriage
Poor of New York	Miller and his Men
Ambrose Gwinett	Aladdin
Raymond and Agnes	Adrienne the Actress
Gambler's Fate	Undine
Father and Son	Jesse Brown
Massaniello	Asmodeus
Sixteen-String Jack	Mormons
Youthful Queen	Spanish Wife
Skeleton Witness	Oath of Office
Innkeeper of Abbeville	Gattle and Gulpit

All these plays contain the most approved stage directions for exits, entrances, relative positions of the performers on the the stage—in fact, the whole of the stage business. Also, descriptions of costume to be worn by the actors. Send cash to

SAMUEL FRENCH, Publisher,
122 *Nassau Street N. Y.*

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, May 26
Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 20 @25, Adamantine 28@33, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@90 Meal 80@90; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 16⅔, crushed 16⅔, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, May 26 th.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family	$8 50	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35
Extra.....	8.00	*Beeswax*,.....	33
Superfine..	7 50	*Dried Apples*, ₹ bu. of 28lbs...	1.75
Corn, Mixed a W.	92a93	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₹ bu.....	5.00
Yellow.....	95a96	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	8a9½
Wheat, White	160a180	do. Sides	10a11
Red.....	145a150	N. C. & Va. Hog round.	11a12
Cotton,.....	10a11¼	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	28a29
Peas, Black Eye	1 25	W.O. pipe.	50
Red & Black	85 90	do hhd	40
Lard, N.C. & V. no. 1	13¼	do bbl.	28
do do 2....	12½a13		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—The excitement in flour subsided, market closing very quiet with but a limited demand for consumption at our quotations. Warm weather, danger of its souring and near approach of new, makes holders willing to sell. Cotton dull and nominal. Dried Fruit Apples are never inquired for. Peaches dull. Apple Brandy very dull, sales can only be made at a declin.

RICHMOND MARKET.—May 28, 1859.
Reported weekly for The Times, by Dickenson & Cole, Forwarding and Commission Merchants.

Bacon, Shoulders.	9a9½	*Corn*, in demand	1a1.5
Sides,.....	10½a11	*Cotton*,.....	12a13
Hams,.....	12½a13	*Cotton Yarns*,.....	23a25
Coffee, Rio, ...	11a12½	*Flour*, ...	$7a8
Java,.....	1.	*Guano*, Peruvian,.....	$58a60
Mocha, ...	18	Elide, ...	15
Molasses, Cuba,	28a30	*Tobacco*, Lugs,...	3½a5½
Syrup,.....	30a33	Good, ...	6a7½
N. O., ...	40a45	Leaf,.....	7a9
Wheat, White,	175a185	Good and fine,..	9a15
Red, ...	150a160		

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☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

ARCHITECTURE. WILLIAM PERCIVAL, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Fayetteville St. Raleigh, will supply Designs, Working Drawings, Specifications and Superintendance for *Churches*, Public and Private Buildings &c, &c.

He respectfully refers to those by whom he is engaged in this State.

New Baptist Church Committee, Raleigh,
University Building Committee, Chapel Hill,
New Court House Committee, Yanceyville, Caswell County.
R. S. TUCKER, } Raleigh
W. M. BOYLAN, } do
W. C. HARRISON, } do
W. S. Battle Esq, Rocky Mount, Edgecombe County, and others.
All Letters on Business addressed Box 106 Raleigh, N. C. promptly attended to. 1y51

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
A&E prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

NOTICE TO PHYSICIANS. A PHYSICIAN'S SITUATION is for SALE, with real estate, in a pleasent village, among the mountains of Va. The purchaser will be introduced to a practice which pays from, **$2000 to $2,500** a year and constantly increasing. Good Society and good Schools. An excellent location for a regular Physician. Enquire of the Editor of this paper. 15tf.

HIDES! HIDES!!
Cost paid for Hides at
BOONE'S Boot and Shoe Store.

From Europe.

NO BATTLE YET!!

We have Liverpool dates to 18th May.

It is rumored that France is endeavoring to stir up an insurrection in Hungry.

Prussia is determined to preserve the balance of power in Europe, and expects that all the confederated powers of Germany will stand by her.

In a skirmish between the French and Austrian cavalry, several of the latter were captured.

Austria has recognized the neutrality of the States of the Church. Several Austrian merchantmen have been captured.

Rains have been falling incessantly, which accounts for the inactivity of the respective armies.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE:—We learn that Cyrus W. Field, Esq., expects to leave for London within a week or ten days, to renew his labors, in connection with the company in London, in having manufactured, during the summer, a new Atlantic cable. This is to be brought out with all the new improvements, and fully prepared for laying across the Atlantic early in the summer of next year. We understand that Mr. Field expresses his faith in the ultimate success of the enterprise as strongly as he did at its first commencement. His perseverance in such a noble undertaking deserves success. He thinks that the exigencies of war in Europe will prove favorable to the enterprise, as they will demonstrate more decidedly than ever the necessity of the communication.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Mr. Field left in one of the steamers last week.

THE ECLECTIC.—MR. EVERETT'S PORTRAIT.—The Eclectic Magazine for June, has just come to hand. The illustration is a full length picture of the Hon. Edward Everett, as he appeared in the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of March 4th, 1859. It is *perfect*—better, decidedly, than the larger engraved portraits of the distinguished orator, although some of these are excellent.

OLD ENGLISH STATESMEN.—Lord Lyndhurst, the Chancellor of Great Britain, is eighty-eight years old. He is an American by birth, being born in Boston before the Revolutionary war broke out. He recently delivered an address before the Royal Academy, which, in ability, was worthy of his palmyest days. He spoke of attending Sir Joshua Reynold's lectures seventy years ago! Lord Brougham is over eighty years old. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Campbell are about the same age.

TOBACCO.—The Charlotte *Bulletin* learns that in Mecklenburg and the adjoining counties, large tracts of land have been devoted this year to the cultivation of Tobacco.

A LUCKY LOUISVILLIAN.—Prof. N. C. Morse, of Louisville, Ky., recently took for payment of a debt of long standing, fifty acres of land in the western part of Tennessee, at the rate of forty dollars per acre. Upon examination the land was found to contain lead ore, when the Professor was offered a thousand dollars per acre for it, but refused it. He thinks the mine worth half a million dollars

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NOMINATION.—Wm. N. H. Smith, was nominated by the Whig convention held at Winton last Tuesday, as candidate for Congress from the first District, against H. M. Shaw, the present Democratic representative.

STATE BONDS.—We note sales in New York on Thursday at 97¼ to 98. Virginia 97.

WOULDN'T GO.—Thirty emancipated slaves from Western Virginia, en route for Liberia, under the control of the agent of the Colonization Society, started for Norfolk by way of Petersburg. Only twelve arrived; the others escaped, preferring slavery to freedom.

MAIL ROBBERY:—A package containing a remittance of $5,000 was abstracted from the mail between Charleston and Greenville, S. C., within the present month.

"Tom, are you broke?" "Yes," said Tom, with a sigh, "and so dead broke, that if steamboats were selling at a cent a-piece, I couldn't buy a gangway plank."

Ex Commissioner Bowlin has been suddenly called to Missouri by the severe illness of his brother.

The U. S. sloop of war John Adams is ready to sail from Norfolk for the coast of Africa.

Hope comforts the despairing and encourages the prosperous.

NARROW ESCAPE.—On Tuesday evening last, while Mr. J. O. Little was driving the horse attached to the stage on the Milton and Hillsborough route a thunder storm came up, during which a flash of lightning struck the breast chain of one of his horses, sprawling the brute and completely unharnessing him.—Strange to say this was all the harm done, the horse soon recovering and rising on his feet. The driver and Mr. F. L. Warren, (merchant at Prospect Hill, who had taken the stage for Milton,) were severely shocked.—*Milton Cronicle*

A Yankee coming in a stage from Raleigh, the other day, asked the driver why the miles were so plaguy long. The driver answered: "You see now the roads are not good, and the plank road is very bad, so the plank road authorities make up for it by giving good measure."—*Daily Carolinian.*

THE SUPREME COURT will commence its summer term, in this city, on Monday, the 16th day of June. Causes will be called as follows:

June	15,	those from the	I	Circuit,
"	20,	" "	V	"
"	27,	" "	II	"
July	4,	" "	III	"
"	11,	" "	IV	"
"	18,	" "	VI	"

Raleigh Register.

DYSPEPSIA CURED. The mass of testimony in favor of the great curative properties of the Oxygenated Bitter's is constantly accumulating. Here is one of the latest, sent in by the Publisher of a valuable periodical:

Boston, July 1. 1858. Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Co.—Gentlemen I have taken three bottles of your Oxygenated Bitters, and have derived great benefit from their use. I have been much troubled with Dyspepsia for several years and found nothing that afforded me any relief, until I used your Bitters.

I most cheerfully recommend the Oxygenated Bitters to all who are afflicted with this painful, troublesome, and stubborn complaint. Yours truly JAMES ROBINSON, Of the "Student and Schoolmate." Seth W. Fowle & Co. Boston, Proprietors. Sold by their agents every where

---

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Priaripal*, with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guarantied to such.

For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

1500,000 lbs. Rags! Rags!!
WANTED BY THE FOREST MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds good Cotton and Linen RAGS.
For particulars address,
Dr. W. S. MILLER, Supt.,
Forestville, Wake county, N. C.
March, 1859. 12::6m.

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

FOR SALE BY **FISHER & FOARD**, Grocers and Commission Merchants, NEWBERN, N. C.
9000 lbs N. C. Bacon,
35 bbls N. Y Mess Pork,
10 tons Peruvian Guano,
5 do Phosphatic Peruvian Guano,
5 do California Guano,
100 bbls No. 1 Land Plaster,
100 do Hyd. Cement,
550 Sacks G. A. Salt,
300 bbls Alexandria Lime,
2000 Flour Bags,
2000 Grain Bags,
75 bbls N. O and Muscov. Molasses.
20 ½ bbls N. O. Molasses—very prime.
68 bbls Refined N. O. and W. I. Sugars.
65 Bags Java, Rio, Mar. and Laguyra Coffee.
25 bbls Ocean Mess Shad,
20 do do Blue Fish,
40 do N. C. Gross and Roe Herring,
No. 1 Mackerel and Salmon in bbls, ½ bbls, ¼ bbls and ⅛ bbls,
Soda, Sugar, and Butter Crackers at Bakers' cash prices.
20—2m

MASONIC.
Notice is hereby given that the regular Annual Election for Officers of Greensborough Lodge, No. 76, will be held on Saturday, June 4th, at 3 o'clock, P, M.

Business Cards.

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH.
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.

The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**

His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.

The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.

An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge

By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.

Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER, he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.

JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.–1y.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

LOOK AT THIS.
P. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39–1y.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.—**Porter & Gorrell,** Successors to T. J. PATRICK, wholesale and retail druggists, are prepared to execute orders for Drugs, Medicines, and all articles pertaining to the Drug Business, with neatness, accuracy and dispatch.

With large and improved arrangements for business, and with a very heavy Stock on hand which has been selected with unusual care we feel satisfied that we can offer inducements to Physicians and others who may give us a call.

Physicians who buy from us can rely on having their orders filled with pure and reliable DRUGS.

Special attention will be given to orders.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE—GREENSBORO', NORTH CAROLINA.
FACULTY.
Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., President, and Professor of Natural Sciences and Belles-Lettres.
S. Lander, A. M. Professor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics.
Theo. F. Wolle, Professor of Music.
W. C. A. Frerichs, Professor of Drawing, Painting, and French.
Mrs. Lucy Jones. } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss Bettie Carter, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss E. E. Morphis, } Assistants in Literary Departm'nt
Miss A. M. Hagen, } Assistants in Music.
Miss L. C. Van Vleck, } Assistants in Music.
Miss M. A. Howlett, } Assistants in Music.
Miss Pattie Cole. } Assistants in Music.
Rev. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.
Mrs. J. Bethel, } Boarding Department.
Miss M. Jeffreys. } Boarding Department.
S. Lander, Treasurer of the College.

Terms per Session of Twenty-one Weeks.
Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra) $50; Tuition, $20; Incidental Tax, $1: French, $10; Latin or Greek, $5; Oil Painting, $20; other styles in proportion; Music on Piano, $22,50; Music on Guitar, $21; Graduation Fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

The Collegiate year begins on the last Thursday in July, and ends on the third Thursday in May.

The winter uniform is Mazarine blue merino, and straw bonnets trimmed with blue; summer, plain white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, or elsewhere, under any circumstances whatever.

Patrons arriving in Greensboro' would do well to come immediately from the depot to the College.

For further information apply to the President. (11—1y)

Good Times Come at Last.
THE BEST, CHEAPEST AND MOST ELEGANT STOCK OF READY MADE **SPRING** and **SUMMER Clothing** has been received by the undersigned. Our stock consists of Coats, Pants, Vests &c., made in the latest style and in a superior manner to any that has ever been shown in this country. Also Hats, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Collars, Drawers, Watches, Jewelry, Pistols, Portmonies, Knives, Umbrellas and Carpet Bags, in fact everything that is necessary in a Gents' large furnishing Store.

These goods were bought and will be sold at prices defying competition.

Come and give us a call and you will not leave dissatisfied. S. ARCHER & CO.
Spring, 1859.

Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES.

DR. BAAKEE, will give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Nose, Mouth, Throat and Lungs. Attention given to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic diseases pertaining to women and children. Dr. Baakee can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success in curing, Cancer, Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings, Scald Head, Wens or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. These last named diseases cannot be treated by Correspondence, therefore, the patients must place themselves under the doctor's personal supervision.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife or needle; and he cures all diseases of the EYES AND EARS, without the use of the Knife; and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DOCTOR BAAKEE is one of the most celebrated and skilful Physician and Surgeon now living; his fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters containing ten cents directed to DOCTOR BAAKEE asking any questions pertaining to any disease shall be promptly answered, and all Chronic diseases can be treated by Correspondence except those mentioned that will require his personal supervision.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

BOOTS AND SHOES!
HAVING LEASED THE STORE formerly occupied by Messrs. Gilmer & Hendrix, opposite the "Brittain House," I am now receiving and opening the largest Stock of **Boots and Shoes** ever offered in this section of country.

My stock consists of Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, Youths and Childrens Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, of every variety, style and price—to an examination of which I invite the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country.

I buy all my goods from the Manufacturers—get nothing second handed—and those, therefore, who buy of me do not have to pay a *second profit*, as is the case with those who buy of the New York and Philadelphia Jobbers.—Besides I intend doing an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business, which will enable me to sell *lower than any one who does a credit business.*

Be sure and call at the Boot and Shoe store.
J. B. F. BOONE.
May, 1859. (61) C. M. RAY, *Agent.*

NOTICE.—Having retired from the *Watch* and *Jewelry* Business in *Greensboro* N. C. on account of ill health; I recommend to my customers Mr. G. L. MEENLEY, (Formerly of Messrs T. B. Humphreys & Son, of Richmond Va.) who is a *good workman*, hoping he may get the Patronage of my friends and Customers in general.
(13-tf) E. F. POWELL.

BELTS! BELTS!! BELTS!!!
I INTEND KEEPING INDIA-RUBBER Belts, all sizes, for sale. Below is a list of prices.

2	inch	3 ply	12½	cts.	per	foot.
2½	"	"	15	"	"	"
3	"	"	17	"	"	"
4	"	"	22	"	"	"
5	"	"	27	"	"	"
6	"	"	32	"	"	"
7	"	"	38	"	"	"
8	"	"	42	"	"	"
10	"	"	60	"	"	"
12	"	"	72	"	"	"

J. B. F. BOONE.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

LOOK AT THIS!
WE ARE NOW RECEIVING OUR stock of **Spring** and **Summer Goods**. Our entire stock being new and of the latest styles in market, and embracing every variety of dress goods, both for Ladies and Gentlemen; also a heavy stock of Domestic Goods for servants' wear. Also a large stock of Shoes, Boots, fine and common Hats, Caps, Childrens' fancy hats, Ladies' Bonnets, some very handsomely trimmed, and a great variety of fancy articles.

We will still continue to keep our usual stock of Superior Family Groceries, Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; Sugars, Teas, Molasses, Syrup, Lard, Oils &c., &c.

We are determined to sell for Cash or on Short Time to punctual dealers, as cheap or cheaper than they can be bought in this or any other market in N. C. All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods, at the Cash Market Price. Examine our stock before you purchase elsewhere.

COLE & AMIS,
West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

COMMON SCHOOLS OF GUILFORD.
COMMITTEES for 1859.

No. Dist.	
1	M Summers, Z Christman, A Huffines.
2	L Cobb, P Huffines, Simeon Waggoner.
3	Joshua Boon, A Summers, Wm. Cobb.
4	Nicholas Albright, J Clapp, John Low.
5	Peter Fogleman, Levi May, H Shafner.
6	T Stafford, William Armick, Andrew Smith.
7	A Maxwell Wm. Green, John M Wright.
8	J C Rankin, J Pritchett, Elias Melvin
9	P Rankin, P Denny, James McLean.
10	T A Pritchett, W M Young, T C Gannon.
11	J W Gilmer, S W Phipps, Robert Shaw.
12	Ervin Hanner, C F Minnet, Paul Coble.
13	John W Parker, Spencer G Bevill, L Lewis.
14	David Wyrick, S McClintock, J Gilchrist.
15	John C Wharton, M Ward, T Buchanon.
16	Wesley Coe, H Sharp, Jesse B Homes.
17	John Hackett, M Ward, Gen Alexander.
18	C Dicks, David Macy, Milton Fentress.
19	Thos E Moore, A Tatum, John Pearson.
20	Obed McMichael, Wm Colston, Wm Ponton.
21	Daniel Albright, C White, Lem Smith.
22	E Armfield, Wm Patterson, John McNight.
23	Wm Hodson, James Davis, W L Kirkman.
24	W Kirkman, L Coltrain, Anderson Murphy.
25	Isaac Oaks, Robert Gourley, John Gourley.
26	Caleb Rayl, J Highfield, Thomas Wilson.
27	Uriah Macy, W M Cummins, C Smith.
28	Jefferson Jones, S C Sapp, T F Merrit.
29	Jesse Wheeler, J S Armfield, L S Reese.
30	R F Parson, B F Wiley, W C Davis.
31	N R Morgan, H J Pegram, J B Dwiggins.
32	S Donnell, Thos Benbow, A C Moore.
33	R Stanly, L Starbuck, Samuel Sechrist.
34	C J Wheeler, Elias Thornton, J A Davis.
35	P N Wheeler, W T Horney, E Rumley.
36	J S Hedgecock, W L English, J B Newton.
37	J A Hoskins, S A Powell, Levi Stephens,
38	James F Jollee, A Weatherly, C G Yates.
39	A Rankin, M Rankin, Noble Crier.
40	S Warren, John Harvey, John Wright.
41	Jesse Smith, T Dick, Dr. Jos A Mclean.
42	R M Stafford, T Trublood, J F McGrady.
43	Frederick Coble, S Sharp, Jacob Clapp.
44	W P Wharton, D Schoolfield, W Hine.
45	J B Houston, D M Kirkman, L S Kirkman
46	J Coffin, Thomas Turner, O Anthony.
47	V R Hackett, V B Donnell, L Hackett.
48	John Russel, Wm Walker, H Kirkman.
49	D Foust, Joshua Clapp, J Foust.
50	J W Patterson, A A Wheeler, B Y Thornton.
51	Solomon Greason, J Clapp, T G Wharton.
52	J Blaylork, Stephen Hunt, B M Idol.
53	A Stanley, J H Johnson, L Holton.
54	J L Hayworth, Eli Hayworth, J Reynolds.
55	C V Hardin, C McCulloch, J F Kernutt.
56	J E Gamble, James Freeman, J N Millis.
57	A Armfield, George Kirkman, W Swigget.
58	I P Welborn, J Bodenhammer, J C Johnson.
59	J E Shaw, George Thompson Alfred Jones.
60	Henry Cobb, G W Wharton, A Mikel.
61	G Pegram, T Warren, William Anthony.
62	B F Parr, E N Kersey, John Ricks.
63	L Reynolds, L Coltrain, A C Murrow.
64	G W Charles, A Raper, E E Mendenhal'.
65	Robert Thom, Frank Hughes, J Tarpley.
66	H Bundy, Henry C Lamb, Uriah Lamb.
67	B R Field, J Cobb, B Field.
68	A Curtis, E G Brothers, Joab Neese.
69	Peter Summer, T Underwood, J M Jones.
70	Meban Q Apple, A T Brown W Burch.
71	J A Houston, Dr. T J Patrick, H C Worth.
72	D Coble, Eli Ingold, William Hudson.
73	J Welch, John M Bolling, Wm Russell.
74	M B Weartherly, J Smith, J T Wright.
75	John F Holt, J McLee, Benton Tatum.
76	Wm A Paisley, R Steward, J Parsley.
77	Madison Brown, W Gooley, Reuben Jones.
78	Z Pritchett, John McCullock, G H Parker.
79	M Harriss, S W Fulton, James Bains.

The several Committees are notified to return forthwith to the Chairman, the Registers in their hands.

NATHAN HIATT, *Chm'n.*
L. SWAIM, *Clerk.* 19-4w.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education.

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum
Additional copies at the same rate.
Single copy.....$2.00
All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.
Journal and Times.....$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER,

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"*Here's the Times! and O, see sister, our "friend" has written for us a whole column of Poetry, is'nt that nice!*" methinks I hear a little boy exclaim, as he bounds from the Post Office, with a "hop, skip and jump," into the family room. But not so fast my little friend. You are half right and half wrong, for your friend did not write these beautiful lines; he only selected them from that good little paper called the Youth's Penny Gazette. You were right however, when you said it was nice, and I think all my little friends will say the same, when they read about

THE BLACK-BERRY GIRL; OR, KINDNESS REWARDED.

PART FIRST.

Why, Phebe, are you come so soon?
Where are your berries, child?
You connot, sure, have sold them all;
You had a basket piled.

No, mother, as I climb'd the stile,
The nearest way to town,
My apron caught upon the stake,
And so I tumbled down.

I scratch'd my arm, and tore my hair,
But still did not complain;
And, had my black-berries been safe,
Should not have cared a grain.

But when I saw them on the ground,
All scattered by my side,
I picked my empty basket up,
And sat me down and cried.

Just then a pretty little miss
Chanced to be walking by:
She stopped, and looked so pitiful,
And begged me not to cry.

"Poor little girl, you fell," said she,
"And must be saddly hurt."
"Oh, no," I cried, "but see my fruit,
All mixed with sand and dirt."

"Well do not grieve for that," she said;
"Go back and get some more."
"Ah, no, for I have stripped the vines—
These were the last they bore.

"My father, miss, is very poor,
He works at Nutten Hall,
And has so many little ones
He cannot clothe us all.

"I always longed to go to church,
But never could I go,
For when I asked him for a gown,
He always answered 'No.'

"There's not a father in the world
That loves his children more—
'I'd get you one with all my heart,
But, Phebe, I am poor.'

"But when the black-berries were ripe,
He said to me one day,
'Phebe, if you will take the time
That's given you to play,

"And gather black-berries enough
And carry them to town,
To buy your bonnet and your shoes,
I'll try to get a gown.'

"Oh! miss, I fairly jumped joy,
My spirits felt so light;
And so, when I had leave to play,
I picked with all my might.

"I sold enough to get my shoes,
About a week ago;
And these, if they had not been spilt,
Would buy a bonnet too.

"But now they're gone—they all are gone
And I can get no more;
And Sundays I must stay at home,
Just as I did before."

And, mother, then I cried again,
As hard as I could cry;
And, looking up, I saw the tears
Were glistening in her eye.

She caught her bonnet from her head
"Here, here," she cried, "take this"
"Oh, no, indeed; I fear your ma
Would be offended, miss."

"My ma! no never! she would wish
Your sorrow to beguile;
For'tis the sweetest joy she feels
To make the wretched smile.

"She taught me, when I had enough,
To share it with the poor;
And never let a needy child
Go empty from the door.

"So take it, for you need not fear
Offending her, you see;
I have another, too, at home,
And one's enough for me."
So then I took it—here it is—
For pray what could I do?
And, mother, I shall love that miss
As long as I love you.

PART SECOND.

"What have you in that basket, child?"
"They're black berries, miss, all picked to-day,
They're very large, and fully ripe,
Do look at them, and taste them, pray.'

"Oh yes, they're very nice indeed;
Here's four pence, that will buy a few;
Not quite so much a I could eat,
However, I must make it do."

"Nay, miss but you must take the whole.'
"I can't, indeed—my money's spent;
I should be glad to buy them all,
But I have not another cent."

"And if you had a thousand, miss,
I'd not accept of one from you;
Pray take them, they are all your own,
And take the little basket too.

"Have you forgot the little girl
You last year gave a bonnet to?
You may indeed, but ever will
That little girl remember you.

"And ever since I've been to church—
For much I do delight to go—
And there I learned that works of love
Were all that children had to do.

"So then I thought within myself
That pretty basket Billy wove
I'll fill with fruit for that dear miss,
For sure twill be a work of love.

"And so this morning up I rose,
While yet the fields were wet with dew,
And picked the nicest I could find,
And brought them fresh and sweet for you.

"I know the gift is small indeed,
For such a lady to receive;
But still I kope you'll not refuse
All that poor Phebe has to give."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Orphan Boy.

BY J. B. G.

I recollect once there was a lovely little boy, who was blessed with affectionate parents. While passing along one day through a beautiful grove, near a College where I lived, I saw him seated under the cool shade of a massive oak tree, meditating as he appeared, on the loss of some dearly departed object of his affection. I approached him, and sadly did he seem when I said, Charlie, why sit you here alone, enjoying the quiet of a delightful solitude?

It was a calm and lovely morning, when all animated nature presnted a scene, truly enchanting to the eye. He was at first startled by my sudden appearance, but soon regained his composure, and looking up into my face, commenced telling me the story of his youth.

It is here he said, that I've spent some melancholy hours. Beneath the tall trees of this beautiful forest, have I often endeavored to calm my troubled soul, by prayer and supplication to *Almighty God*, that I might find peace in my soul and love through our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Three years since I left my native State, and all that was there dear to my heart. Yes, it was far beyond the deep blue of those romantic mountains, that rise up to our view in the distance against yon western skies, that I bade adieu to a noble mother and father, kind brothers and sisters. I could but shed a tear when I said "Good-bye," for I thought that I should never see them again My whole life, with the exception of three years at College, has been spent with my Relations, associating mostly with my good brothers, and other kind companions of the great city New Orleans. I was blessed with a pious Mother, who taught me from my earliest infancy, to know that a Jesus had died for me, ascended to Heaven, and now pleads in my behalf, at the right hand of God. She always felt delighted, in pointing out to me the beautiful path of a Christian's life, the glory and hopes of the Christian's religion, which she said I would enjoy, if I continued in the service of God unto the end of my life. Yes I remember when she use to say Charlie, be a good Boy, love Jesus, and die in expectation of meeting me in a better world. O! I'll never forget those sweet words, which she learned me to say, before retiring to bed "Our Father who art in heaven."—But dreadful is the thought that Mother is no more. My Father has gone to that beautiful land above—my Sisters and Brothers no longer can cheer me, with the smiles of their lonely faces. Oh, death! why hast thou snatched from me, the dearest objects of my heart? you have deprived me of all the charms of this life; and here I am miserable and wretched in the sight of Almighty God. Though yet but a boy, I've forsaken those ways, in which my Mother taught me to go; I no longer heed the advice of a good father and pious associates, whom I left several years since. I have been led off in the paths of vice and folly, by my wicked College companions; I've forgotten to say, as my mother use to teach me, "Our Father which art in heaven." Oh! had I never seen College and obeyed my christian Parents, I would not have been thus abandoned by my God. Yes he continued, I left my Father and Mother while quite a small boy, to visit this dissipated College, which, has proved my destruction, a curse rather than a blessing to my never dying soul.

He went on in mournful strains, when I turned my back toward him and walked off sorrowful, feeling it appeared, as I had never felt before. I did not get far however, before I looked around, and saw him on his knees praying to God, that he would hear his prayers and forgive his sins, that he might meet his dear relations in that blissful land above.

Dear Little Readers, let me exhort you to notice the life of this little boy, whom I've endeavored to picture to your minds, and to beware of the temptations of a College life, for this story tells you that Charlie was a good boy once, but was led off by his wicked associates at College.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

SLEEPING TOGETHER.

If a man was to see a quarter of an inch of worm put in his cup of coffee, he could not drink it, because he knows that the whole cup would be impregnated. If a very small amount of some virulent poison be introduced into a glass of water, the drinking of it might not produce instant death, but that would not prove that it was not hurtful, only that there was not enough of it to cause a destructive result immediately.

We sicken at the thought of taking the breath of another the moment it leaves the mouth, but that breath mingles with the air about the bed in which two persons lay; and it is rebreathed, but not the less offensive is it in reality on account of the dilution, except that it is not taken in its concentrated form, but each breath makes it more concentrated. One sleeper corrupts the atmosphere of the room by his own breathing, but when two persons are breathing at the same time, twelve or fourteen times in each minute, each minute extracting all the nutriment from a gallon of air, the deterioration must be rapid indeed, especially in a small and close room. A bird cannot live without a large supply of pure air. A canary bird hung up in a curtained bedstead where two persons slept, died before the morning.

Many infants are found dead in bed, and it is attributed to having been over laid by the parents; but the idea that any person could lay still for a moment on a baby, or anything else of the same size, is absurd. Death was caused by the want of pure air.

Besides, emanations, aerial and more or less solid, are thrown out from every person—thrown out by the processes of nature, because no longer fit for life purposes, because they are dead and corrupt—but if breathed into another living body, it is just as abhorent as if we took into our mouths matter of a sore or any excretion.

The most destructive typhoid and putried fevers are known to arise directly from a number of persons living in the same small room.

These who can afford it should therfore arrange to have each member of the family sleep in a seperate bed. If persons must sleep in the same bed they should be about the same age, and in good health. if the health be much unequal, both will suffer, but the healthier one the most—the invalid suffering for want of entirely pure air.

So many cases are mentioned in standard medical works where healthy, robust infants and larger children have dwindled away, and died in a few months from sleeping with grandparents, or other old persons, that it is useless to cite special instance in proof.

It would be a constitutional and moral good for married persons to sleep in adjoining rooms, as a general habit. It would be a certain means of physical invigoration, and advantages in other directions, which will readily occur to the reflective reader. Kings and Queens and the highest personages of courts have seperated apartments. It is the bodily emanantions recollecting and concentrating under the same cover which are the most destructive of health—more destructive than the simple contamination of an atmosphere breathed in common.

TO CLARIFY SUGAR FOR MAKING SWEETMEATS.—Put half a pint of water to every pound of sugar, and into every five pounds of sugar stir the white of an egg and let it boil. When it boils so as to rise, put in half a teacupful of water and let it boil again. Set the kettle aside for fifteen minutes, then scum it; pour off the sirup, wash the kettle, and put in the sirup with the fruit you wish to preserve.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—They should be ripe but not too soft. Take equal quantities of fruit and sugar and sprinkle one half of the sugar among the fruit and allow it to stand ten hours.—Make a sirup of the remainder of the sugar and a pint of water or red currant juice to every three pounds of sugar, and simmer the fruit in it for half an hour. Add another quarter of sugar to every pound of fruit, and bottle, seal, and bury or put up in sealed cans, they will retain their fine flavor for years.

Wit is the lightning of the mind.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SAMUEL BUTLER.

Puzzle—Quasycekeedeosgonenom.

Answer next week.

The following dialogue took place on the Ohio railroad:

"Hellow stranger, you appear to be traveling?"

"Yes, I always trawel when I'm on a journey?"

"I think I have seen you somewhere?"

"Very like! I've often been there."

"Mightn't your name be Smith?"

"Well it might—if it was't something else!"

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at present—five feet nine!"

"Do you calculate to remain here some time?"

"Well, I guess I'll stay till I'm ready to leave!"

"I reckon you were born in New England?'

"Well, my native place was either there or somewhere else."

"You travel as if money were plenty with you?"

"Well, I might have more and be richer?"

"Have you anything new?"

"Yes, I bought a whetstone this morning."

"I thought so; you're the sharpest blade I ever saw on this road."

There was a deacon in a town in New Hampshire, named Day; by trade a cooper.

One Sabbath morning he heard a number of boys playing in front of the house, and he went out, as any saint would do, to stop their Sabbath-breaking.

Assuming a grave countenance he said to them:

"Boys; do you know what day this is?"

"Yes, sir;" immediately replied one of them, 'Deacon Day,' the cooper!"

Amid a roar of laughter from the boys the deacon slid.

Next to the wonder how the milk got into the cocoanut, came the marvel how chickens could get into eggs. This has been succeeded by a question submitted by one of the Dundreary family, who asks the reason why white ashes should come from coals so deuced black? "That's the idea."

When Dr. H. and Lawyer A. were walking arm in arm, a wag said to a friend—

"These two are just equal to one highwayman."

"Why?" was the response.

"Because," rejoined the wag, "it is a lawyer and a doctor—*your money or your life.*"

General Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass.

"Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

"Why, General?"

"Because," replied Lee, "you are in love with yourself, and you have not a rival upon earth."

"Please accept a lock of my hair," said an old bachelor to a widow, handing her a large curl "Sir, you had better give me the whole wig." "Madam, you are very biting, indeed, considering that your teeth are porcelain."

Dress is the vicarious atonement where by ugliness hopes for redemption.

It is not easy to straighten in the oak the crook that grew in the sapling.

Some crusty old bachelor says, a sure way to make the Atlantic cable communicate has been discovered! It consists in placing a woman at each end with no way to talk! They will be sure to find a tongue for the cable!

A candidate for Congress, out West, sums up his "edication" as follows: "I never went to school but three times in my life, and that was to a night school. Two nights the teacher didn't come, and t'other night *I had no candle.*"

A few years ago, the ladies wore a handy kind of hood, called "Kiss-me-if-you-dare." The present style of bonnet might be called, with equal propriety, "Kiss-me-if-you-want-to."

When an Irish girl was asked, a few days ago, where her mistress was, who had gone to a water cure establishment, she replied that her ladyship had "gone to soak."

The children are so dirty in a place on Cape Cod, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own.

An impudent fellow accosted a young lady rudely the other evening, and she set a dog on him. She was *chaste* and he was *chased!*

Business Cards.

A. P. SPERRY, of N. C. With WM. GRAYDON & CO., Importers and Jobbers of **DRY GOODS**, 45 Park Place, and 41 Barclay Street.
Wm. Graydon, James Graydon, } **NEW-YORK,** { Geo. H. Seeley, Wm. A. Scott.
Nov., '58. 2—1y.

BOOK-BINDER, At the old STAR OFFICE, (*opposite the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.*) RALEIGH, N. C.
☞ The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Greensboro and the vicinity, that he will promptly and punctually attend to the binding of *Newspapers, Magazines* and *Periodicals* of all kinds, and in any style, plain and ornamental, on moderate terms.
Address J. J. CHAPLIN,
January 1—tf. *Raleigh*, N. C.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Osburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold, for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK, Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115—tf.

DICKENSON & COLE, Commission & Forwarding Merchants, Shockoe Slip, 2d door from Cary street, RICHMOND, VA.
SOLICIT CONSIGNMENTS OF Tobacco, Wheat, Corn, and other Produce.
Special attention paid to forwading Manufacturep Tobacco and Goods.
JOHN DICKENSON, of Petersburg. } { ISAAC N. COLE, of Halifax.
January 1, 1859. (6m.)

EFLAND & KIRKPATRICK, Having opened a **GENTLEMAN'S CLOTHING STORE,** will keep on hand or make to order, all kinds of Gentleman's Clothing. Their Spring Stock embraces Coats, Pants, Vests, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Shirts, Drawers, &c., &c., which they will sell cheap for CASH. Gentlemen wishing fine clothing should call on them first, as they sell no half finished work. Having some very fine cloth and casimere, and workmen of the first order, they feel confident they can please the most fastidious.
They also have the agency for the sale of **Bartholf's Sewing Machines,** one of the best now in use, in fact it is superceding all others, in all the large manufacturing establishments in New York and Philadelphia.
March, 1859. 13—1y.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE. J. H. Thacker would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and the surrounding country, that he is now manufacturing all kinds of BOOTS and SHOES **low for CASH.** He is also making all kinds of LADIES' SHOES as low or lower than they can get Northern work. Call and see for yourselves. An assortment of *SHOES and BOOTS* constantly on hand. Repairing promptly attended to.
April 15, 1859.

JAMES S. PATTERSON, PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD. No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6-1y

JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER AND DEALER IN FURNITURE, (*near North Carolina Railroad,*) Greensboro, N. C
All kinds of Cabinet Furniture—such as Dressing-Bureaus, Wardrobes, Washstands, Cottage-Bedsteads, Tables, Coffins, &c—kept constantly on hand or made to order.
Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
☞ Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.* 127:1y

JAMES M. EDNEY, GENERAL Purchasing & Commission Merchant, and dealer in
Pianos, Melodeons, Pumps, Safes, Sewing Machines, &c.
Publisher of "Cherokee Physician," "Chronology of N. C.," "Southern Bishops," "Hickory Nut Falls," &c.
Sole Proprietor of the "AMERICAN PUMP," raising Water in all depths under 150 feet, *by hand.*
Drawings and Prices sent free.
147 Chambers-street. N. Y.
Commission for Buying and Forwarding, two and a half per cent.
REFERENCES.
McPheeters Gheselin, John B. Odom, Esq., Va.; Hon. John Baxter, Rev. W. G. Brownlow, Tenn.; Hon. T. L. Jones, Newport, Ky.; Brown & McMillan, Washington, W. & D. Richardson, Galveston, Texas; D. R. McAnally, D. D., St. Louis; Rev. G. C. Gillespie, New Orleans; J. W. Stoy, Charleston, S. C.; Hons. W. A. Graham, & W Ellis, D. L. Swain, Chas. F. Deems, D. D., N. C.; Myatt & Toler, Ala., &c., &c.

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134—tf.

VISITING CARDS. **R. G. STAPLES,** CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office